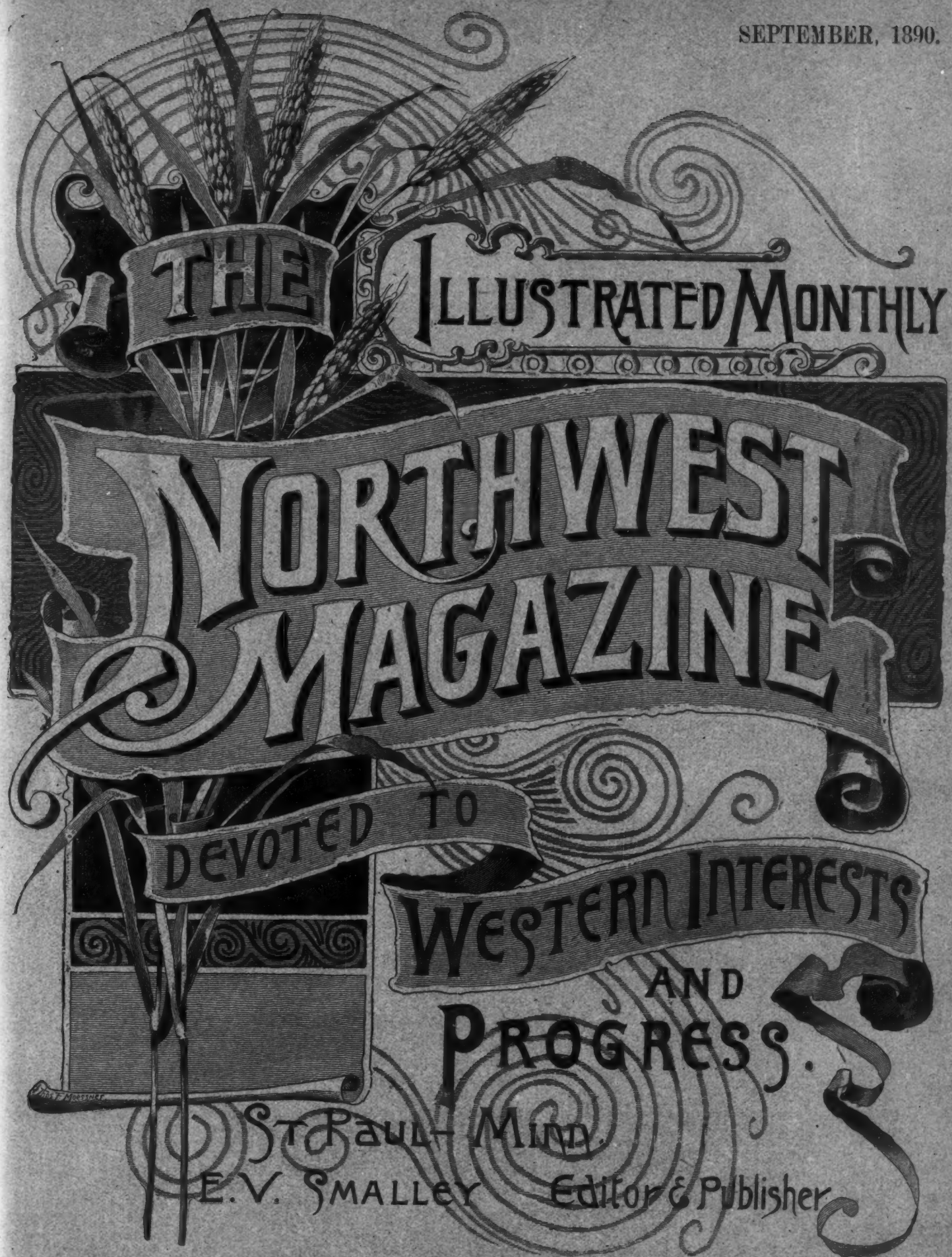


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## "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD'S IGNOBLE STRIFE."

One of the most puzzling things to a new comer to the State of Washington is the variety of land claims that may be held under varying conditions by settlers. During the tender-foot days he is kept in a constant muddle trying to learn, without asking leading questions, the true distinction between homestead, timber, and pre-emption claims, and the conditions of their tenure. The jargon of Wall Street is no more confusing to a backwoods man's ears than is his own jargon of "filing on" and "proving up" and "holding down" to a stock broker who has gotten so far off of his beat as the evergreen forest of the North Pacific Slope. If these two extremes of society should swap technical terms it would be hard to guess in which would be confusion worse confounded. But this, like most mysteries, yields when brought to close quarters, and the pleasure of informing the less informed comes even before the mental haze has quite lifted from the finer legal points.

All the romance and a large part of the picturesque of claims clings about the homestead claim, for it does not seem to be quite a sordid money-making deal when a man must put civilization away from him and go and live in the solitudes to make the land his own. To be sure he generally commutes his time on the homestead and merrily goes to swear that he makes his land entry "in good faith, for the exclusive purpose of a home and farm for self and family," the day that his six months probation is up. We are supposing he has been honest enough to have built and lived, cleared ground and planted seed upon his land as is so nominated in the bond. A great deal of the romance of homesteads is of another sort, however, and the old settlers tell graphically how a man they knew held down a claim by crossing two sticks, swinging a pot and sleeping one night under the crossed sticks. They tell it with all the glee that honest people so curiously feel in robbery of Uncle Sam, be it smuggling or land stealing.

Apropos of Wall Street, I believe that it would be a good thing if every business man in the large Eastern cities could be forced to take up a claim and live on it six months, just to learn how happy a man can be on next to nothing and how very few things he really needs. The sense of freedom, and the delightful feeling that you need not make money and need not succeed, is utterly restful. There is of course a dark side to this archaic life, and the darkest part results from the fact that most of the claims that can be had now—for unfortunately a man is not allowed to take up a town-site—lie several rough miles from any settlement and all the pioneer's provisions must be carried on his back into the woods.

No one who has not tried it can even faintly conceive the difficulty of making any headway in this great trackless forest of Western Washington. The work of beating his way into his claim is the settler's heaviest task. Even after his trail is established, with a week's provisions swinging from his back, bulging from his pockets and beating against his sides, "land cruising" is not an easy matter.

We were lucky enough to visit a claim that some friends had been holding down for several months, so the trail was fairly good and the journey lightened by a good-sized creek offering an easy water-way for some distance inland. Two of us took a small row-boat and followed up the sinuous windings of the

plunge headlong into the stream, leaving only their distorted roots showing like an ugly detail from a Dore illustration of the Inferno. They take such straight headers that it seems like premeditated suicide with the old trees. As we rowed deeper in, the peculiar, damp, ferny smell of the forest settled about us and the narrowed stream barely allowed our boat to pass. She ran her nose first into one bank, then into the other and the next instant brought up shortly on a "snag." We concluded to take to our feet and look for the trail. Hiding our oars in the deep ferns and tying up the boat, we left her. Mustering what small woodman's craft we had, we tried to make a mental picture of the spot so that we



A HOME IN THE FOREST.

creek. The low banks lay green and russet on either side with tall grasses restless under their burden of ripening seed. As we neared the forest, the creek narrowed, the banks drawing together like an illustration in perspective, and we rowed from light to shadow and back to the light again as we passed under the scattering evergreens stationed by the stream, sombre pickets from the army of trees beyond.

As our boat crept windingly into the deeper forest, fallen trees barred our way troublesomely; they

could hope to find the boat again. "Two dead trees crossed, a fallen tree, and thousands of living spruce and hemlock," about enough of a clue to found a detective story on. The trail was in sight, luckily, and it was a simple matter to drive a stick into the soft earth on the narrow pathway, to serve as guide-post on our return.

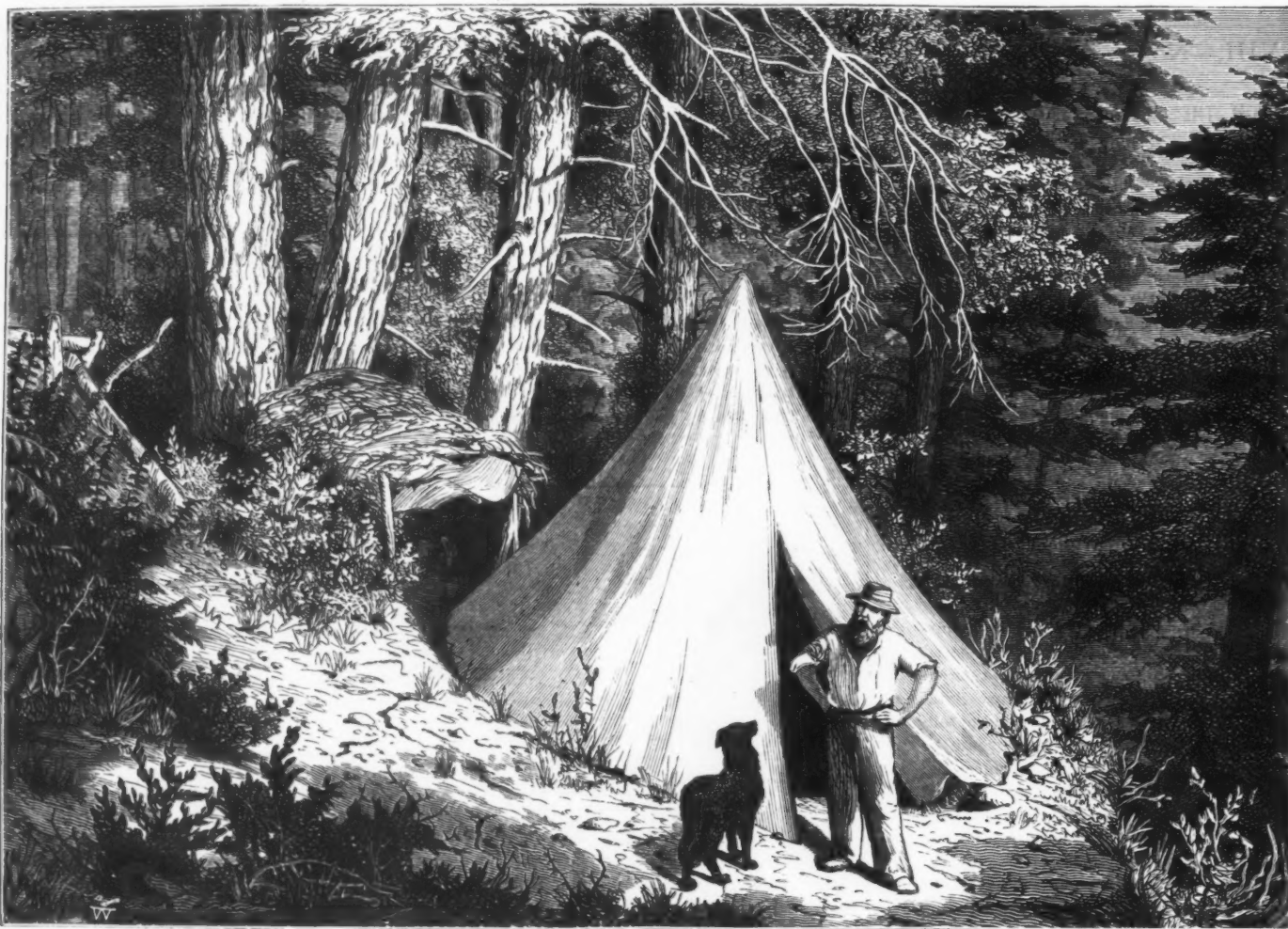
After the cramping position a boat imposes it was delightful to renew the youthful pleasure of slopping along through the mud in a short kilted skirt and new rubber boots. The land about us began to rise



slowly, and single file we swung along, except when forced aside to pick a cluster of scarlet salmon berries, so tantalizingly like raspberries in appearance, and in taste—seeds and vinegar. Out from the woods we next came into bottom-land like a rich cow-pasture, where blue and yellow and white the wild flowers fought their way up among the ripening grasses. Across the trail the wild cucumber threw airy bunches of its delicate orchid-like flowers, and on the blooming vine hung the green prickly fruit. We came here upon an empty "shack" with pad-locked door. It was built of a few rough boards, and on the side next the trail was hung a soap box with a door rudely fitted to it, but we could plainly see and as easily have taken out a roll of yellow butter which lay within, and which, in woodman's etiquette, we were freely welcome to use. It seemed rather a pretty piece of wayside friendliness and I was sorry to learn afterward that that butter is terribly strong.

down sheerly to the water, and its green sides frame into a picture the vista of forest and stream beyond. One step will sometimes reveal a fine grouping of trees that is lost in advancing, as the relative positions change, and so as we waded over the yellow-brown pebbles, it was from one dissolving view into another. The noise of the stream increased and a slight turn brought us in sight of a water-fall straight ahead of us. The stream foamed down the side of a rock some twelve or fourteen feet high. As we came nearer, we could see that foot-holes had been hacked in the face of the rock, and our way lead us straight up the cataract, the water gushing almost to the boot-top, but the unique delight of climbing a water-fall more than compensating for the strong pull necessary to get to the top. A few steps more brought us to a second water-fall, to be scaled in the same way. After this, the gulch widened a little and the solitude seemed never more utterly impene-

occupied the room over the line from our friends. Just outside of one of our windows, cleared ground rose in brown terraces, one upon another, on which a well-meant attempt at a garden perished on the too "new" ground. The forest pressed close to the opposite window, the tall evergreens quite closing out the sky. It seemed strange to be looking out at so wild a spot through a window pane, and even stranger when night came to go to bed in a room with its windows uncurtained. But what need for curtains, since there was only the darkness of night and the light of day to be kept out? We were waked cruelly early in the morning by a violent metallic rapping at the window toward the garden (?), and there on the terrace, cocking his head first on one side then on the other, stood a large blue bird, staring in at us impudently. As soon as he caught my eye with one of his little sharp black ones, he jumped on the sill and struck the glass again and again, whether with the front or



HOLDING DOWN A CLAIM IN THE WOODS.

Indeed it is not certain that it was not left there in lieu of a watch-dog.

From the bottom-land the trail leads us again into the forest, the grade growing rapidly heavier and the forest more wild and beautiful. Above us, the majestically tall trees with outlines grayed and softened by hanging Spanish moss, and under foot the endless wealth of ferns, the beautiful result of this moist climate. For some time we had been within hearing of the creek which had narrowed to a mere thread of a rushing mountain stream, and now it makes a dash across the trail, and the noisy run-away was off to sea. As the canon deepened, the trail edged close to the stream and finally was lost in the creek itself, and to follow it we found ourselves wading in the clear water. The quick shock of cold, shakes one's faith in the newest of rubber boots and we, tenderfeet that we are, fell to examining our corrugated soles. On either side the gulch comes

trable than at the moment when the high tone of childish voices reached us, and a step more brought us up to the long unpainted cabin of the homesteaders. A fine little thread of smoke curled up from the roof, and the dogs went into extasies of tentative hospitality. The cabin door flew open, and there gushed out to us a pleasant warmth of fire and welcome. We went into the neatest little kitchen, built of "shakes," or slabs of wood split roughly off from a block of the easily cleft cedar, the cracks between the shakes letting in enough air to pleasantly compensate for the heat of the kitchen stove.

The cabin was composed of three rooms, and built upon the dividing line between two adjoining homestead claims owned by friends. In this way the two families held down their claims beneath one roof, in adjoining rooms and each living upon his own land. We reached the claim after one of the settlers had "proved up" and moved away, however, and so

back of his head I could not see as it seemed equally well equipped, with a peak behind to balance the beak in front; this, I have since learned, he has in common with all blue jays. After the first amused surprise, it was quite provoking to have him standing there and staring in with his head aslant, and it was only by closing my eyes and pretending to ignore him, that he finally took himself off to knock for breakfast at the kitchen window.

In the primitive round of daily occupation on a claim the modern man drops back, without an effort, into the Adam and Eve epoch, and the work of the centuries seems to crumble into a handful of superfluous conventions. The primitive man, if not the barbarian entire, which lies such a little way below the surface, rejoices to be uppermost once more. Hunting and fishing take the largest place in a man's occupation; and one of the advantages of these dense forests is that a man may hunt himself dead tired,

the huntsman's desideratum, without going half a mile from his own doors or withdrawing the sense of personal protection from the women-folks at home. Civilization reasserts itself, however, on mall and market day. The cabin knows its keenest moment of animation when the hour arrives for the settler's return from his weekly trip to town, and a shout from the expectant housewife brings back a far-away response from the gulch below. We stand at the cabin door, with quickened pulses, knowing that mail and newspapers—a breath from the great living world—are on the way to us up through the green silence below. The dogs, who pricked up their ears at the first shout and sniffed about, now take the trail with an air of supernatural cunning and disappear quickly down the abrupt side of the gulch. The wet soft earth gives back no sound of footsteps, so that the homesteader's black slouch hat and bearded face appear suddenly, like a brigand in a play, coming from behind a place of convenient

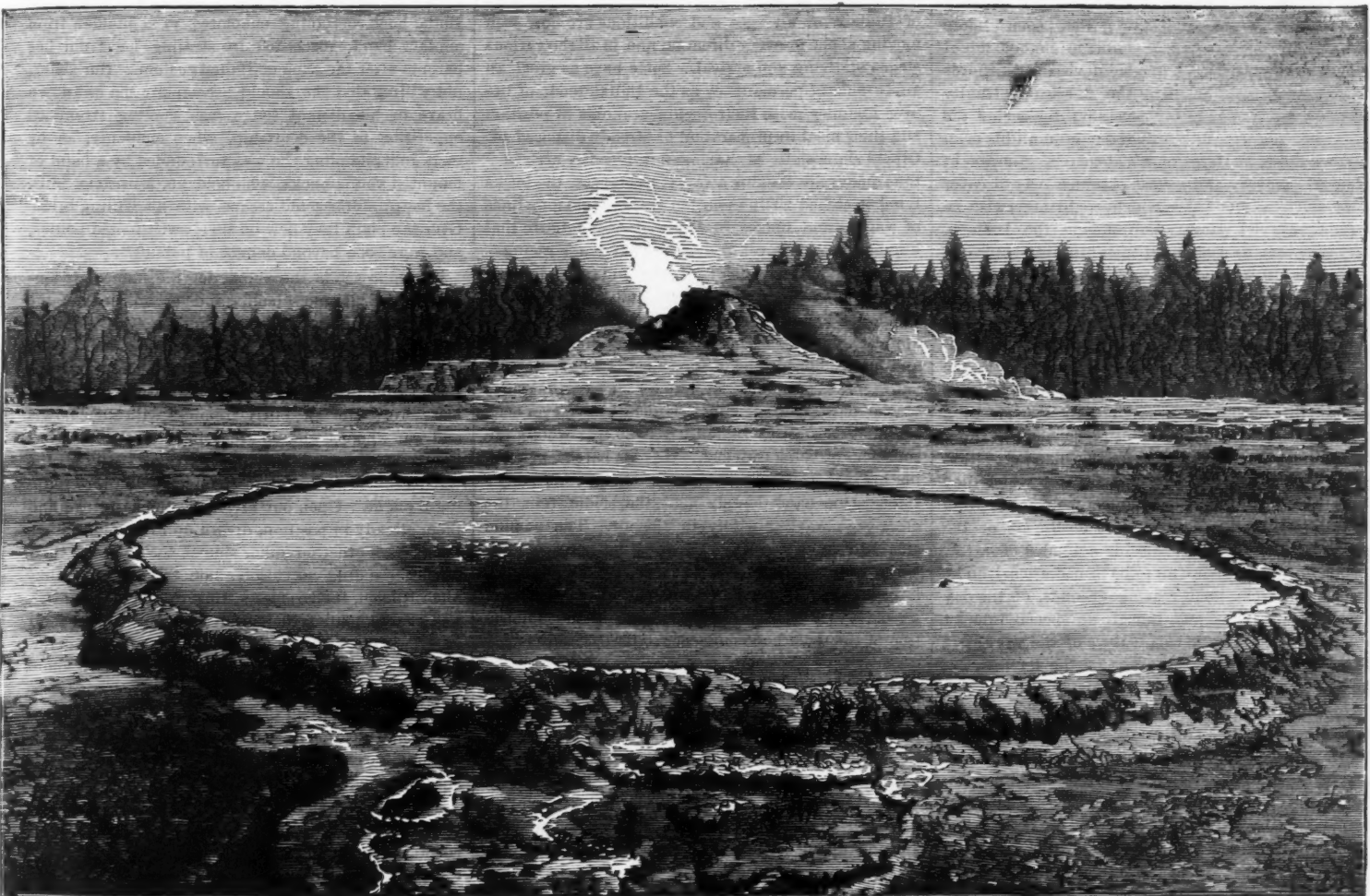
#### IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

An interesting feature of the Yellowstone Park lies in the fact that the processes which have built up the terraces and formed the geysers are still at work; so that the tourist who pays this region a second visit, allowing two or three years to intervene between his first and second journeys, will find many changes in the condition of numerous objects of interest, all of them presenting curious phases of the various phenomena of this region.

On July 8th, at Norris Geyser Basin, the spring known as the "New Crater" was transformed into a geyser. The pent up forces which had so long been captive exerted their strength and without warning, this new born geyser with a terrible roar went into eruption, emitting an immense quantity of steam, water and stones, forcing a column of water upwards to a height of between three and four hundred feet, and deluging the ground in the immediate vicinity

gradually became less violent, and at last ceased altogether so far as the throwing up of water was concerned, although immense quantities of steam are still being forced up.

So far as the season has advanced, the regular travel in the park has been heavier this year than ever before, as can be attested by the largely increased number of passengers who arrive at Livingston on the two through trains of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The erection of the new hotel at the Grand Canon, which accommodates easily not less than 150 persons, has proven a popular measure with the public, as many persons take advantage of the excellent service thus provided by remaining longer at this point than the usual time allotted, in order to more thoroughly enjoy the grandeur and beauty of the scenery. The recently completed hotel at Yellowstone Lake and the steamboat which has been placed on this beautiful sheet of water, have made this section of the park a source of attraction for numbers of



A BOILING SPRING, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

scenery; but it is a brigand after, not before an encounter, for he is gorged with booty and begins lightening his load before he reaches the cabin. After the material unloading comes the slower but even more interesting process of finding out all that he has heard in town, for the mind cut off from its daily supply of material relishes keenly a change of diet.

The stimulus of the trip lasts for a day or two, and then the days slip with the speed of contented monotony into a new week. Time passes most quickly over these unmarked days, and it is easy to believe the homesteader who says that the six months on a claim are sooner gone than any other six months in a life-time. But this experience, although in a way commonplace from its very simplicity, will soon be a peculiarly interesting one to have shared, for all the land will be taken up in the next decade, and all that pertains to government claims must become a unique page, which can never be repeated in pioneer life.

for at least four hundred feet in every direction. These eruptions gradually subsided in strength and in duration, and finally ceased altogether, leaving the geyser as quiet and harmless as during the time prior to its first eruption. The ragged edges of the crater, however, and a new crater which was torn out of the formation a few feet distant, tell plainly of the violent forces that were at work.

The present season has also witnessed a number of eruptions of the famous "Excelsior" geyser, which had not been active since the year 1887. The first one of these, the present season, occurred on the 18th of July. The loud explosions formed the only warning, which were immediately followed by a volume of boiling water, carrying with it large masses of rock to a height of from four to five hundred feet, of the entire size of the crater, which is 250x400 feet in Diameter. This eruption lasted for several minutes. Others followed at intervals of two hours each, which

tourists, who make of this an enjoyable side trip not soon to be forgotten.

Considering the comparative remoteness of the Yellowstone Park, and the short duration of the season, which lasts only from the middle of June to the first of October, it is a marvel how the large numbers of visitors can be properly provided for; yet that this is accomplished and to the satisfaction of all, is proven by the largely increased travel which each recurring season brings forth.

The Midsummer number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is a gem of illustration and description. It is chiefly devoted to St. Paul and suburbs, and contains numerous engravings of the business and residence portion of the city. The new West is not neglected, however, in this number, and a fund of interesting and valuable reading is supplied. THE NORTHWEST is a valuable publication, and every home would find it an addition to its reading table.—*Washburn, (N. D.,) Mail.*



## A BEEF ISSUE AT THE ROSEBUD RESERVATION.

BY E. DANN MOORE.



lively imagination could scarcely picture a more thrilling or wildly exciting scene than a beef issue on one of the large Indian reservations in the great Northwest. While the method by which the Government issues its supply of cattle to the Indians seems

cruel even to barbarity, causing one to declaim against it and devoutly to wish some more humane method might be devised, it affords the finest opportunity possible for seeing the red man in all his original wildness. Here one catches a glimpse of primeval savagery and a close observer may discover traits and characteristics which could otherwise be learned only by years spent among the Indians. Here they may be seen in all their primitive gorgeousness of costume, painted and adorned in all the various forms devised by Indian ingenuity; for on these occasions, like those of great ceremony among themselves, their most resplendent attire is donned, and their excessive love of finery is gratified in the display of their choicest ornaments. Hence one beholds the most grotesque dressing and startling decorations which could possibly be conceived. Here, too, is offered an opportunity for the display of that daring and wonderful horsemanship for which they stand unrivalled. Some two and a half miles from the Rosebud Agency on the most level part of the prairie, is a large corral enclosing a number of acres. To this enclosure the cattle to be issued are driven by the cowboys from their grazing grounds, on the day preceding the issue, and though no special interest might seem to attach to this feature of the work, yet it frequently becomes the scene of the liveliest excitement, simple as the operation may appear. From six to twelve hours are often required to pen a herd of these wild cattle, and even twenty-four hours of incessant hard labor are sometimes rendered necessary before they are finally secured. In these instances the cattle form into a solid mass and move around continuously in a circle—a process called "milling," when all the arts and devices known to

the experienced cowboy are called into exercise to lure them into the stockade. As though by some instinctive knowledge the poor brutes are conscious of the terrible doom awaiting them. They rebel with all their combined might against entering that fatal corral.

On the morning on which the issue was to occur, the official who makes the issue, together with the official interpreter, the agent's daughter and myself, start for the scene in the Government ambulance, closely followed by the agency police force—all Indians and fully uniformed, equipped and mounted. Our way for some distance is a continual ascent and descent of the precipitous bluffs which surround the agency, until the last and steepest is finally surmounted and a magnificent sweep of level prairie stretches away on every side. Hundreds of teepees dot the landscape—these white cone-like dwellings giving the plain a momentary resemblance to a vast sea, floating a myriad of tiny sails. A nearer view dispels this illusion and the prairie becomes an animated moving mass of human and animal life. Thousands of Indians of all ages and conditions are now seen moving about in every direction and in all the various stages of living and arrival. Some have as great an appearance of permanency as the Indian mode of life ever assumes, with their drying scaffolds in position and their meal in preparation or already disposed of. Others show signs of having but recently arrived—the squaws are tugging away at the teepees, the bucks lying stretched lazily upon the grass, while long lines of wagons and horses in the distance indicate that numbers more are yet to come. That horse-racing—a favorite amusement—is being indulged in, the large groups of mounted men and boys with the shouts issuing therefrom, sufficiently attest. As we approach one of these groups we are at once attracted and interested, for one of the riders is a boy, scarcely yet in his teens—and just here let me say, that some of the most fearless equestrianism I have ever seen was that of a little Indian boy, who was wholly unconscious of being watched. He rode bareback, keeping his seat by pressing his knees against his pony's sides. One hand loosely held the bridle rein, the other was waving wildly in the air. The sudden curvetings and wheelings he caused his pony to make while running at break-neck speed would instantly have unseated a less skillful rider, but he sat firm as a rock, and I was lost in astonishment and admiration at the remarkable horsemanship so unconsciously displayed.

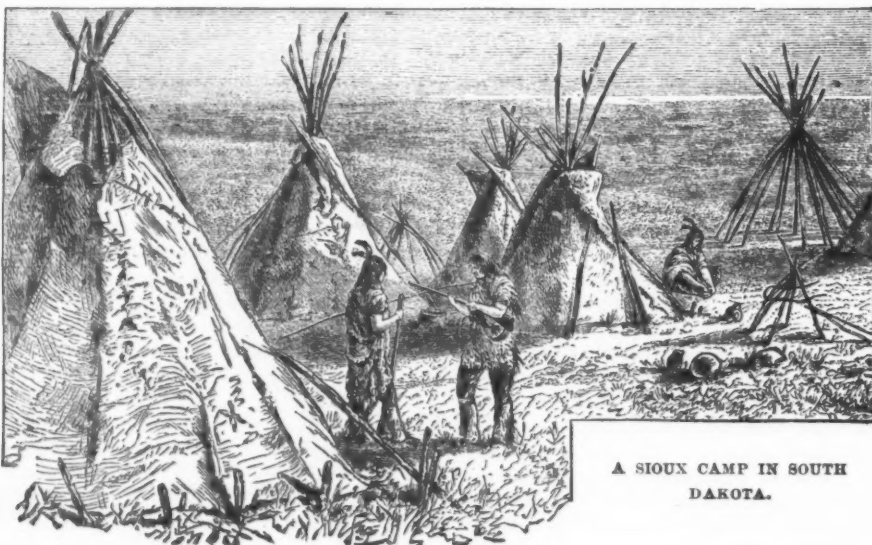
Galloping out from the ring a stalwart Indian with his long black hair flying backward, marks the distance of "two arrow flights and a pitch," and returns to position, to be instantly followed by the two contestants, who shoot out amid deafening shouts. Lying low on their pony's neck, whipping and hi-yi-yi-ing, they urge them on to their utmost speed. The yells are now terrific as first one then the other is ahead.

For a time it looks as though the elder rider would win, but a sudden spring brings the boy jockey's pony a full neck ahead and from that instant he steadily gains upon his opponent till, the finish reached, proclaims him an easy winner of the race. They now wheel and return at an easy lope, to be greeted by shouts of applause and greets of disapproval by admiring and disappointed friends. But the little half-naked jockey is a prime favorite, and bears his honors with true Indian stoicism, only his snapping eyes betokening any of the nervous excitement he no doubt feels. Many an Indian's annuity is lost at a horse race or poker for they are generally gamblers, staking and losing with all the recklessness and abandon of the more highly civilized paleface.

Issue day, moreover, is a forcible opportunity for courtship. Many a young brave improves this time when the various bands are assembled for choosing a wife from among them, and highly romantic are some of these wooings. An instance was related to me by one of the officers' wives, who witnessed it at the issue just preceding the one I attended, in which a young buck, becoming enamored of a maiden from another band, succeeded in stealing her from her parents after the ancient Indian custom. Her sister, not willing that she should accompany the unknown brave to his distant lodge was making strenuous opposition to the courtship, when suddenly, as by tacit understanding she was surrounded by a band of mounted young bucks, who held her a prisoner until the happy suitor could escape with his willing bride. Over the plain they flew on their swift-footed ponies, and were soon beyond danger of pursuit.

Our approach is the signal for the immediate suspension of all amusements and in an instant the whole scene has entirely changed. The mounted Indians are now making for the corral at break-neck speed. What a sight they present! Thousands of them gallop over the plain like warriors rushing to massacre. The air fairly trembles with their howls and war-whoops, and no great flight of the imagination is necessary to fancy these savages really on the war-path. My blood almost congeals at the terrifying thought. Upon our arrival at the corral we find them already in position, drawn up in two long lines facing each other on either side of the opening, their ponies standing so closely side to side that they almost touch, their riders sitting calm and unmoved, and loosely holding their loaded carbines across their knees. The wild confusion and clamor of a few moments ago has given place to eager, almost silent expectancy. Truly the contrast could scarcely be more marked. In all their picturesqueness of attire, paint and feathers, with their long black locks streaming over their shoulders, these Indians form a spectacle singularly imposing and unique.

We ladies are shown to our place in the loft of the weigh-house—a small building at one side of the corral, having a platform scale, extending out into the yard, over which the cattle are driven when it is desired to ascertain their weight. From one elevated position we can overlook the corral and all the surrounding plain. The issue clerk and interpreter take their stations in a high pavilion, somewhat resembling a judges' stand, at the opening of the enclosure and at the head of the double line of Indians. Inside the cowboys are busy with the cattle and branding irons. Some twenty or thirty head are separated from the main herd and driven into a small compartment of the corral, this in turn opening into a long, narrow chute, having walls of solid framework, and just wide enough for the cattle to stand in single file. Into this chute the cattle are forced with long spiked poles, used mercilessly, and when crowded so full that they are unable to move, red hot branding irons are applied, and the agency mark imprinted upon their sides. This is necessary in order that the hides may be identified when sold, otherwise working cattle and others not legitimately obtained would be slaughtered by the Indians. Occasionally a steer will leap over the wall by climbing upon the others, when it is immediately shot, or as more frequently happens, some unfortunate beast is trampled down by the rest



A SIOUX CAMP IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

and unable to rise, is not extricated until all in the chute have passed over it, when, mangled and bleeding, it is dragged forth and dispatched. The smoke and odor from the burning hair and flesh, and the sight of the poor brutes helpless at the hands of their tormentors, causes us to turn our faces away from the sickening spectacle, and in indignation to wonder that the Government can sanction such cruelty. But the worst is not yet come. When all in the chute have been branded the door is thrown open and one or two allowed to escape, the others being prevented by the chief herder brandishing before them a large piece of cloth, somewhat after the manner in which a picador exasperates the animal in a bull-fight. Once liberated, the infuriated beast makes a desperate charge for freedom, and is immediately pursued by the Indians to whom it has been assigned by the official. Now a wild chase ensues. Over the broad plain it flies, and for a time keeps in advance of its pursuers, but the fleet and hardy ponies, urged on by their fearless riders, rapidly gain on the poor brute, and when within range a bullet is sent into its body. If not mortally wounded still on it tears in the mad race for life, till at length, exhausted, it ceases to run, affording its stayers opportunity to take deadly aim, and the chase is over. The struggle for life was a brave one and we are glad when a well directed shot has dispatched the tortured creature, putting an end to its suffering.

Now a huge, ferocious looking steer rushes out, and we expect a long hard battle, but his ponderous frame is no match for the swift-footed ponies, and he falls an easy prey to his captors. The Indians enjoy the sport too thoroughly to seek to end it too quickly, and I could but feel that many of the shots were purposely directed to non-vital parts in order to further excite the frenzied beasts and thus prolong the chase. To them these occasions are the great gala days whereon they may revel in that excitement and bloodshed which is so dear to their savage natures. These cattle chases are a sort of relic, or connecting link between that part in which their ancestors, or perchance some of their ancestors, or perchance some of those here assembled, chased the antelope and buffalo over these very plains, when they alone held undisputed sway. Again and again the chute is filled and emptied, until the last animal has received its death stamp, and been sent on its death race.

The prairie now presents a wildly exciting scene. In every direction are the fleeing cattle hotly pursued by the Indians, running their ponies at almost lightning speed. The sharp crack of the carbines ring out in quick succession, as bullet after bullet flies on its deadly errand. All around the poor brutes are staggering, reeling and falling to the ground in their death throes. In less than an hour and a half between two and three hundred head of cattle have been slain to appease the enormous appetite of the red men, and the plain on every side, as far as the eye can reach is strewn with the carcasses of the slaughtered animals. We have witnessed one of the wildest, most thrilling, and novel spectacles which could possibly be imagined, and the nearest approach to a grand buffalo hunt that now exists. It was a sight we would not have missed, yet feel a deep relief now that it is over.

As soon as the cattle are killed, the Indians proceed at once to skin them, and on our return we

passed large numbers of them in all stages of the work. With the killing, and possibly skinning, the Indian's work ends; the squaws then take the matter in charge, relieving the males of all effort, save in eating. The liver, heart, kidneys and other portions are at once removed and eaten raw while still warm, and are esteemed the choicest morsels. The head is scraped entirely free of meat, nothing but the bare skull remaining, and this is left to bleach upon the prairie. Every part is utilized; even the intestines are eaten, and what cannot be disposed of in the raw state is dried and carefully preserved that they may have something dainty to offer a friend on special occasions. Next to dog flesh, which ranks first among their articles of diet, being regarded as almost a sacred dish, and reserved for occasions of ceremony, these refuse portions of the beef carcasses are to the Indian palate the greatest luxuries. Nearly every child we passed, even the tiniest toddlers, was gnawing away at a huge piece of raw meat held in both hands. To say the sights were disgusting, does not adequately express our feelings; much that we



THE PIPE OF PEACE.

saw was positively revolting.

The meat is all cut in very thin strips, and, held in place by numerous skewers, is hung upon poles to dry. These drying scaffolds form important accessories to every lodge, and after each issue may be seen filled with the long strips of meat, which resemble more than anything else a lot of newly-colored brown carpet rags. In the exceedingly dry atmosphere of the prairie country meat never spoils, and in a day or two is sufficiently dried to allow of its being packed away, or more likely piled upon the ground inside the teepee, where it is always accessible. Seeing this jerked beef for the first time, one might easily mistake it for old bark or chips to be used as fuel, so little resemblance does it bear to anything edible. Such at least was my impression. The Indians from the nearest camps cut their beef into quarters, load it upon the wagons and depart at once for their homes, while those living at a distance remain until it is in a condition to be more compactly stored away.

The 8,000 Sioux who draw rations on this reservation are scattered over an immense tract, some of the

camps being 150 miles distant. These receive supplies quarterly, hence the care which we observed was given to the allotment of cattle. As each animal was liberated the names of the persons to whom it was to go were read from a ledger by the official and repeated in the Dakota language by the interpreter, when the Indians, answering to the names called, immediately started in pursuit, sometimes but one or two, but oftener four or five chasing one animal. During the winter season, issue day occurs monthly, and in Summer semi-monthly. In addition to the cattle slaughtered by the Indians, some forty or fifty head are issued on the block for use at the Agency. Such is a beef issue on the Indian reservation, and although possessing features which are unpleasant yet even horrible, it is a scene well worth traveling many miles to see, and once witnessed is never to be forgotten.

#### HE NEVER RAISED WHEAT.

One of the thriftiest farmers of the county, who has set an example to his neighbors in the matter of getting along in North Dakota, is Mr. C. D. Ellis, whose farm lies about twelve miles southwest of Jamestown. Although he has been here for five years he has never raised a crop of wheat, but has made a living and accumulated a nice property by stock alone. He has raised a small amount of oats for feed, but let wheat alone. He began with ten or twelve cows, and besides getting a living off their produce and the smaller products of a farm, for himself and family, he now has fifty head of cattle, several horses and 200 sheep on his farm. Mr. Ellis is a modest man, not given to parading what he has been able to do, but frankly says he has no complaint to make of this country, as it has used him well. He took up a homestead on first coming to the country and has built on it a substantial stone house, a stone basement barn and has got fairly started for making an attractive farm home. He thinks this is the natural sheep country and the healthiest he knows of for that industry. They "rustle" for themselves better than cattle. The wool is heavy growth and the lambs strong and active. Such farmers as Mr. Ellis show what can be done on little or nothing to start with and prove that the

country even in the worst of seasons will deal liberally and satisfactorily with any person who works intelligently to profit by our natural advantages and disabuses himself of the notion of getting rich in a few seasons by raising wheat for five or six months in the year and loafing the rest of the time.—*Jamestown Alert*.

#### NO CATCHEE BLEEFY.

As evidencing the holy dread the bias eyed son of the Orient has for Tacoma, the following is cited: A Chinese cook aboard a jobbing steamer found himself out of meat on the craft's arrival here yesterday. He informed the captain of the deficiency. "Well, I give you order; you go catch him beef up town," said the skipper. "Me catchy bleefy up town? Not muchee; you think me dam foolley, hey? Me go catchee bleefy up town, you go catchee clook. You catchee clook, me catchee hellee. No sabe." The skipper had to send a boy to the shop and his wily cook watched him depart with comingsled satisfaction and relief beaming from his face.—*Tacoma Globe*.



## A PRAIRIE EPISODE.

BY L. E. M. SMITH.

Strolling about on an elevation of ground between two ravines on a lonely prairie in the far West, might have been seen on a day in July of the year 18— the solitary figure of a young woman. With the exception of an occasional ravine, the monotonous appearance of the level prairie is unbroken on the south, on the east and on the west, but towards the north the land is undulating, ending finally in the dust-colored sand hills, beyond which, looking misty against the northern horizon, rises a long line of hills of a more hopeful hue. There is nothing for the young woman to rest her eyes upon but ravine, and prairie, and hill, and sky. Nowhere can she see any signs of human habitation.

'Tis a lovely day—one of those rare days on the prairie when the wind does not blow a gale. Though a day in July, the heat is not as intense as usual, for a few clouds obscure the sun's rays. All in all, it is just the day for enjoying the prairie, and of this fact the before-mentioned young woman seems fully appreciative. Her attention appears divided between scanning the scenery and picking sand cherries. Presently she seats herself on a thick tuft of buffalo grass just beside a small shrub of cherries, and opening a book proceeds to devour its contents, alternately with the cherries from the little plant by her side. Every now and then she adds a relish to her feast by glancing at the surrounding scene. Her gaze ends always on the distant hills, where it dreamingly dwells for a time, then returns to the book, while she involuntarily sighs.

On one of these occasions, when glancing towards the hills, she is startled to see, springing from the prairie just this side of the sand hills, a horse and rider. It really appears that they have risen out of the ground, so sudden is their appearance on that uninhabited plain. Soon she perceives that the horse is galloping along at great speed. Her whole attention is now riveted on this interesting and novel object, a human creature. She conjectures that it must be the mail carrier, as he is the only one she has ever noticed crossing the prairie. The object of interest

gets nearer and nearer, until reaching a point on the opposite side of the ravine. Then for the first time he seems to catch a glimpse of her, for he reins up his horse, hesitates for a few minutes, then looks around for a convenient place to cross the ravine. The lone young woman is now in a state of trepidation. "Who can it be? What does he want?" are questions that crowd on her mind. However, the inevitable is drawing near. She hears the splashing of water as the horse scrambles out of the creek. With true feminine presence of mind she pretends, as the horseman reaches the top of the hill, to be unconscious of his approach, and appears absorbed in her book. But her heart is beating violently and this pretense is her only resource for presenting an outward appearance of calm and indifference.

Now he has reached the spot where she is seated, and though she were deaf and dumb she could not do otherwise than look up and see him, for his shadow has fallen upon her. For a moment or two they are both silent as they wonderingly gaze at each other. Neither one sees anything very formidable in the appearance of the other, and yet both seem spell-bound. He sees what appears to him a fairy, so unlooked-for and incongruous is her graceful appearance in this wild and lonely region. He finally breaks the silence by asking her if she can direct him to a place called Prairie Ridge. She replies that she cannot, as she has not been in that neighborhood very long. Then he tells her that he had started out to attend a game of base ball to begin at two o'clock sharp at that place, but had lost his way, never before having been in that vicinity. She ventures to ask him whether he has come from a great distance.

"Oh, about eight miles," he replied, then pointing towards the distant hills upon which her eyes had so often dwelt, added, "my claim is just beyond those sand hills."

As the young man still lingered she thought she would give him all the information that lay in her power, so she told him that if he rode on to the nearest neighbor some three miles west of them, he could learn the way to Prairie Ridge, for those folks were old settlers; they had lived here for two years. But the young man did not ride on to the nearest neighbors. He seemed to have lost all desire to learn the

way to Prairie Ridge, and as for engaging in a game of base ball to begin at two o'clock sharp, that appeared no longer the object of his long ride. The young woman soon began wondering to herself whether it was the correct thing for her to stand there so long talking to a strange young man to whom she had never been introduced. So in order to give him an opportunity to break off the conversation and leave, she drifted away from the spot where he was seated on his horse, and carelessly moved about among the cherry plants, picking and eating the fruit.

Suddenly, she gave a startled scream, and on the instant he was off his horse and at her side, grinding with his boot-heel the head of a large snake that lay coiled up and half hidden in the grass at her feet. She had not noticed it until she was about to step on it, hence her cry of affright. After this little incident the young man got on his horse and attempted to get away, but some time was taken up in relating a few of his experiences with prairie snakes, and this subject leading to other subjects, the conversation between the two was prolonged. The young woman was not loth to talk with him, though she was doubtful whether the conversation should be so indefinitely continued. She found it quite a pleasant change to have a nice young man to talk with and in her secret heart was glad that he was of so lingering a nature.

Seating herself on a tuft of grasses at a safe distance from the place where the snake had been killed, she opened her book, intending to show by her manner that she was not trying to keep him there; but he did not take the hint. Evidently, this fairy-like creature had cast over him some kind of spell that chained him to the spot. While she turned the pages of the magazine, he looked around at the surrounding country and the young woman alternately.

"Who owns the land over there?" he finally broke out, designating the prairie he had left to cross the ravine.

"It belongs to the same claim as the land down there," she answered evasively, pointing towards a ravine that lay a short distance back of him.

He then turned his horse about and looked down into the ravine. "Why!" he exclaimed in great surprise, "I didn't see that house down there before!" then added after a short pause, "I guess it is trying to hide away from the blizzards. I was wondering," he laughingly continued, "where your habitation could be, or whether you required any. I had begun to believe that you were a spirit of the prairie."

The young man was gazing dreamingly across the gulch in front of him when he suddenly uttered another exclamation and said somewhat dazedly, as if to himself: "Why, if there isn't another woman! Where did she come from?"

"Oh," said the "fairy" while her black eyes twinkled mischievously, "this is a great place for women! That is my partner!"

"Your partner!" he repeated dazedly.

"Yes, you see, or rather you don't see, that we are holding down claims out here. This is my claim. Her claim is five miles away. We live two weeks at a time, turn-about on each claim. She has been in one of those gulches over there picking choke cherries."

Suddenly a happy thought struck her and smiling amusedly she timidly asked him whether he would not tell her his name before her friend got there, so that she could introduce them.

"John Stetson," he said was his name.

"Stetson! Stetson did you say?"

"Yes, and I'm from Illinois."

"That name sounds familiar! and your home is Illinois! Then we are neighbors! For Missouri, my home, is just across the river from your State."

He laughing remarked that then there was a reason for their feeling so well acquainted.

"There!" exclaimed the young woman, "my partner sees us now. I know that she is puzzled to see anyone here. How she must wonder who you are!"

"You did not tell me your name," the young man hastily remarked, seeing that the other person was approaching.



"YOUR PARTNER!" HE REPEATED DAZEDLY.

"Oh!" laughed this young woman, "I forgot, but wait, I'll get my partner to introduce us, then they can't say that we never had an introduction."

The young man laughed heartily at this and remarked that it was "a good scheme." Then they both laughed together, and just then "my partner" came up. The prevailing expression of her face was that of surprise, and well it might be.

"Mary," broke out this black-eyed young woman vivaciously, "allow me to introduce you to an old neighbor of ours, Mr. Stetson." Then turning to the young man, "Mr. Stetson, my partner, Miss Brown."

The two bowed to each other very ceremoniously, and Mary looked very much puzzled. Then her mischievous friend explained matters, and after assuming an extremely dignified manner said, "If you please, Mary, I should like an introduction to this gentleman."

Mary introduced them, giving her friend's name as "Miss Bertold."

For some time clouds had been gathering in the sky and soon there was a sprinkle of rain. The two girls were really puzzled as to whether it was just the thing to invite this strange man into their house out of the shower; but when the rain began to pour down in torrents feelings of hospitality overcame their scruples. At first, he demurred, saying that he guessed the rain would not hurt him. But Miss Bertold's decisive "Oh you had better come, it isn't nice to get wet!" seemed to settle matters and he followed them on his horse down to the little house that seemed trying to hide away from the rain under the hill-side.

So long a time had elapsed since this young man had been in any but a bachelor's house that he could not avoid looking about him with undisguised interest. There were little feminine belongings scattered about, and feminine touches here and there that make a woman's abode present so different an appearance from a man's. The rough board walls were not noticeable on account of the decorations in leaves, grasses and simple little pictures that drew the attention from the boards to themselves. How he wished that he had some one to beautify his shanty for him. Unconsciously he sighed deeply.

The girls, knowing that he "bached," thought that culinary and household matters would be a topic of interest. So they asked him how he liked pancakes, and wasn't he tired of them by this time. They were, they said, and when they got "back East" they would never again want to look at a pancake! Also they asked him whether he was passionately fond of washing dishes, and was he able to keep track of the dish towel. He so disliked washing dishes, he said, that he waited until every piece of crockery in the house was used before making an effort to wash up. Then it was a Herculean labor with which he wished to be accredited when his name appeared in history as one of the bachelor martyrs of this State and age. As for a dish towel, what was that like? It was so long a time since he had possessed such a luxury! When he first came out West he owned one, but it wasn't long before the mice took a fancy to it and devoured it. He guessed they must have mistaken it for a piece of fat pork done to rags! Time had galloped on (according to the young man's reckoning) and the storm was over.

"I wonder," said Miss Brown, "what time it can be."

"I guess it must be two o'clock by this time," innocently conjectured Mr. Stetson.

Miss Bertold laughed merrily at this and remarked that she guessed rather it was near five o'clock. Well did they both know that it was two o'clock when he first made his appearance on the prairie.

When he discovered that the young women were well aware of the lateness of the hour he became very sad and quiet and after looking out of the window to see whether the rain had ceased entirely (another pretense), he guessed that it was time to go. Then he began tearing himself away. He managed in due time to get on his horse, but the animal did

not immediately move on; it seemed to be waiting for a hint from its master. Finally, the hint was given and as he was getting away, Miss Bertold, who did not know in what other way she could invite a stranger to call on them, said:

"You must get lost in this neighborhood again, Mr. Stetson!"

"Thank you," he responded, "I should like to," then after a pause, "You girls must get lost in my neighborhood some time!" The girls laughed and said there was no danger of that for they did not belong to any base ball club.

Miss Bertold remarked uneasily that she did not believe he would be able to find the house, even if he was lost in that neighborhood again, but he with a reassuring smile said, "Oh, yes, I think I could find it." Then the girls said good day and he said good-by, and with that he and his horse disappeared over the brow of the hill.

"Oh, Mary," exclaimed Maggie Bertold in a serio-comic style as they entered the house and were making preparations to fry some obnoxious pancakes, "He has gone; he has disappeared; he has vanished; perhaps evaporated; shall we ever see him again! Now, Mary, do you think it would have been any harm to invite him to call on us sometime when he is in the neighborhood?"

"Well, really, Maggie, I hardly know how it would have done; for one thing, it would not have been at all conventional. Though, seems to me, you did invite him, after all."

"Why, Mary, how can you say that!" pouted Maggie, then she continued: "You know this in not a conventional place that we are living in—neither are we leading a conventional life. Fancy, Mary, just fancy the conventionalities of city life stalking around this claim and accompanying us to the garden when we dig potatoes or to the pig pen when we feed the pigs! Ha-ha-ha-ha! How the pigs would appreciate etiquette! ha-ha-ha!"

"Well," said Mary with a sudden increase of dignity, "I do not see the necessity of going to either extreme. Come, the pancakes are ready."

#### PART II

September has made its appearance on the prairie. The green of the grasses has changed to brown—golden brown, and a bright yellow where the sunbeams glance; and this warm glow is augmented by the yellow flowers of the golden rod and the resin weed that meet the eye in every direction, imparting to the scene a sunny cheerfulness that is never absent even though the sun may be.

The scene is on the prairie near Maggie's sod house. No ravines are to be seen anywhere around here. All is rolling prairie bounded on three sides by the horizon, and on the north by the sand hills, beyond which are still to be seen those hills of blue.

Maggie, who is fond of strolling, is out on the prairie to-day, wandering about rather disconsolately. Evidently, her feelings are not, as on a former occasion, in unison with nature. On that day in July she was full of hope, and the future as symbolized by the distant, blue hills, appeared teeming with bright possibilities. To-day she is not dreaming of the future, neither does her gaze dwell on those misty hills.

Nature in her mellow hues of gold and brown expresses a fruition of past hopes, while Maggie in her life of to-day sees anything but a realization of her hopes born so unconsciously and suddenly on that day in July when she and nature both appeared so full of hope.

To-day her gaze is on the ground immediately around her. She perceives only the brown of the grasses; she does not look far enough away from herself to notice the bright gold of the grasses beyond. In one particular she is one with nature; she is in a brown study. She is reviewing her life since that day in July and wondering whether she will ever again meet Mr. Stetson.

During the first week after meeting the young man, she talked about him quite freely, but soon perceiving

that Mary did not consider him the most interesting subject in the world, she refrained, feeling that her friend might consider her foolish. So she ceased speaking about him, though she did not stop thinking of him. It was so pleasant an episode in her monotonous life! Why should she try to forget it? But the more she thought of him the less able was she to think of anything else. She finally formed the habit of taking a stroll on the prairie every afternoon about two o'clock. She thought that if he should ever again get lost in that neighborhood she would be the means of his remembering the locality of the little frame house in the ravine. She did not imagine that he could find the house otherwise, for it was entirely out of sight of any one on the prairie.

These strolls were interrupted by a removal to Mary's claim, which required to be "kept down," as the settlers called it, as well as Maggie's. And here during their visit, circumstances had conspired to delay their return to the other claim. How impatient Maggie was of the time spent here. He might be losing himself again in her neighborhood most any day, and she here! He did not know where Mary's claim was located, else he might make his appearance here. Still her refrain was, "I wonder if we shall ever meet again!" While wondering, her eyes wandered towards the sand hills and she thought, "he lives behind those hills!" and she gazed longingly at the blue beyond. On withdrawing her eyes from the dull monotony around her and looking towards the hills, she for the first time that day noticed the bright gold of the grasses beyond, and she became quite hopeful, picturing scenes in which the nice young man had a prominent place.

For some time the girls had intended going on a plumming expedition, and as they expected to return to Maggie's claim that week they concluded to start out that day. They knew of a big patch of plum bushes on the other side of a sand hill on the northern border of the claim. This hill was a mile from the house. The girls had a long walk through the hot sun and a tiresome climb up the steep hill; but they rested for some time on the breezy peak enjoying an extensive view of the surrounding country. To the north and east of this height were billows upon billows of sand with intervening basins, or valleys, in which some vegetation found growth; but the character of the whole was that of a desert of sand. Nothing but sand as far as the blue outline of hills on the north and the horizon on the east. South and west, as far as the eye could reach, extended the rolling prairie with its cheerful tints of yellow and brown.

Descending the other side of this hill, they found near the foot a number of plum bushes, mingling with which were wild grape vines. The two baskets were soon filled and the girls started on the return trip home. They went around the hill so as to avoid the tiresome ascent and finding a shady place sat down to rest. Maggie soon espied a large hole on the hill-side near where she was lounging. She thought it must be a rabbit's hole and having previously discovered that rabbits are charmed with whistling, she whistled some lively tunes, which not having the effect of attracting the rabbit out of his hole she began throwing pebbles into the opening. Suddenly, Mary said very energetically:

"I do believe that is a wolf's hole! It is large enough for one, and gracious! suppose you have stirred him up. Do let's get away before he comes out!" Thoroughly alarmed now, Maggie jumped up in great haste, and the two girls seizing their baskets hurried from the spot as fast as they knew how, feeling all the time that the wolf, or wolves, were at their heels. In their excitement they had not noticed the direction they were taking and had gotten quite a distance from the place, when Mary looked around her in extreme perplexity.

"Why, where are we going!" she exclaimed, "there are sand hills on every side of us and we ought by this time to be on the prairie!"

The farther they walked the stranger grew their surroundings, and the two girls had to own that they were lost! They had no idea which direction to



take—all familiar land marks had vanished—so had the sun. A heavy mist was obliterating the outlines of the sand hills on every side of them.

"There is one thing certain, Maggie, it won't do for us to stop to rest; we must walk on until we get out of these hills; we can't spend the night here. The nights are cold and there is going to be rain, and besides, there are the wolves! Oh, do let's walk faster!"

If they were going in a westerly direction it would not take so long a time to get out of the desert of hills; but north or east, that meant to spend the night here. How did they know, though, that they were not going around in a circle? They got so tired that they thought it impossible to walk any farther, but thoughts of the wolves spurred them on and they dragged themselves along until, to their great joy, they found themselves again on the open prairie

thought she would peep into the pot just to see what it could be that smelled so nice. In doing this she discovered that there was considerable fire in the stove. The owner of the house could not have been gone very long—perhaps would be back at any moment. At this thought Maggie hurried back to her seat where she sat quietly for a while, until the fragrance from the vegetables in the pot again excited her.

"Oh, Mary," she said, for the second time approaching the forbidden pot, "the owner is never coming back! I just want to taste that stuff in there!"

"Don't you do it!" laconically responded the more prudent, though not less hungry girl.

"Why! don't you remember, Mary, what Mr. Emmet told us when we first came out here? He said that when folks who were travelling over these prairies came upon houses that were temporarily unin-

walls—ha! ha! ha! agricultural implements; saddle and bridle; rattle-snake skins; wolf's scalp, ugh!—gun, rope and all that!"

"I wonder," said Maggie, "whether those portraits over their could tell us anything. I'm going to take a look at them. Why, really, Mary, they look somewhat familiar to me!"

"If you want to see something familiar, come look at this drawing!" exclaimed Mary, as she stopped beside a window at the other end of the room.

Maggie went over to where her friend was standing and looked at the drawing which proved to be a pencil sketch of a young lady. "Why! Why, it looks like me!" she exclaimed in astonishment.

"How mysterious!" said Mary.

Just then some one stepped into the door-way and was about to enter, but seeing that the house was already occupied, and by two women, the figure gave



"THIS IS A BACHELOR'S COUNTRY."

But it was not their prairie; it was all strange to them. On reaching a swell in the ground they scanned the country in search of a house. There to the west, not very far away, was a house! or was it a hay stack? At a short distance sod houses and hay stacks have very much the same appearance.

When they reached the place they found a sod house, not a hay stack. With no little trepidation they approached the open door. How did they know what sort of people lived there! They stood in the door-way a moment and, seeing no one within, entered. They were too tired at first to notice anything more than a couple of chairs made out of boxes; but while resting on these chairs they became conscious that something in a pot on the stove was emitting an appetizing odor. They were very hungry—had not eaten anything but plums since breakfast. Maggie

habited, the custom was to make themselves at home; help themselves to whatever the larder afforded. Now I call that a lovely custom! Help yourself to whatever the pot affords! Come, Mary, while in Rome let's make out a dinner as the other Romans would do. What's the use of ceremony and such nonsense in sight of the sand hills?"

"Maggie, you are incorrigible and talk wildly. Have patience, the owner will soon be along. Suppose we see whether we can guess by the appearance of things what sort of person the owner of this castle is."

"Well," said Maggie, after looking all around the room, "I can tell at a glance that it is a man!"

"So can I," said Mary, "for there is nothing in the way of clothes but pants and coats and things, and see those boots! Then those decorations on the

a perceptible start of surprise and stood there for a moment speechless.

The two girls, though expecting at any moment to see the owner of the place return, were, nevertheless, very much startled and more than surprised; for whom did they behold in the owner of that sod house but their chance acquaintance of the prairie, Mr. Stetson!

The young man soon recovered himself and stepping into the room with a flushed and beaming face said in a hearty tone of welcome: "I am very glad to meet you again, ladies, and I feel highly honored to find you under my roof!"

The girls looked very much embarrassed, but tried to explain why he was so honored.

"Ah!" he exclaimed laughingly gayly, "so at last you have accepted my invitation to get lost in this neighborhood!"

Maggie was in a very frustrated state. After all these weeks of suspense they had finally met! Then she remembered the sketch on the wall and her heart beat fast at the thought of his remembering her well enough to draw her portrait. She imagined that he must have been thinking of her considerably, else he would not have drawn it. And yet, as far as she was aware, he had never again visited her neighborhood. If her voice would not shake any she would like to ask him. Finally she managed to ask him in shy tones:

"You never got lost again in our neighborhood, did you, Mr. Stetson?"

"Yes, I should think I had!" he exclaimed in a half laughing and half serious tone. "On several occasions I made quite a point of losing myself as near as I could judge in exactly the same locality as on that memorable day in July. But on none of these occasions did a fairy appear on the scene to direct me on my way. I rode to the edge of the ravine, too, and looked down at the house. It was always closed and there were no signs of life about the place. Each time I returned to my shanty in a great state of disappointment," then looking at Maggie very earnestly he added, "I assure you."

Maggie could not avoid blushing a little and looked towards the window where her eyes encountered that sketch of herself. Mr. Stetson's eyes had followed her's and he too looked at the picture. Then involuntarily the two pairs of eyes met and the two then blushed in unison, and neither one spoke of the sketch on the wall.

The girls felt anxious about getting home, but Mr. Stetson told them that they could not think of going home that night, for their home was at least five miles distant and most of the way being through the sand hills they would require plenty of daylight in order not to get lost. He added, however, to their relief, that they could spend the night at Mrs. Johnson's, a neighbor of his. He would take them over there. But the first thing to attend to was supper! He had left the pot boiling when he went over to the garden to dig potatoes, and he guessed it must be done by this time.

He proceeded to set the table. A barrel with a piece of oil cloth tacked over the lid served as table. There were two cups, two plates, two knives and forks, etc., which he let the company use; a fruit can for a cup and a bucket lid for a plate would do very well for him. The girls were quite amused watching him prepare the meal. He baked some biscuit, showing them how to bake in a frying pan, cooked bacon, and made gravy. They declared that he knew as much about cooking as they did.

The meal was very much enjoyed, and the three young people had a merry time. No one would have imagined that this was only the second meeting between the young man and the young women!

During the course of this visit Mr. Stetson expressed his enjoyment at seeing women folks around, saying that it seemed quite odd to see any one but bachelors in his shanty.

"Why!" said Maggie, "one would imagine that a woman was a rare creature out here."

"That she is!" returned he; there is a great dearth of women. This is a bachelor's country!"

After supper he took them over in his wagon to Mrs. Johnson's, three miles away. Mrs. Johnson welcomed them quite cordially and a very pleasant evening was spent in playing cards.

There was but one room to this sod house, but the room was long. Some beds were made on the floor for the girls at one end of the room, and preparations for retiring were made after the lights were put out. In the morning the men folks were put out, after which the women folks made their toilets.

After breakfast appeared Mr. Stetson with a smiling countenance and his team.

The ride to Mary's claim was very enjoyable. Although the young man had not urged the horses to their utmost speed, nevertheless, the distance seemed surprisingly short. He was invited to stop a while, which he most reluctantly did, taking advantage of

this opportunity to ask permission to visit them now and then. The girls, particularly, Maggie, saw no objections and consented.

After that day, Mr. Stetson's visits to the two houses were quite an institution. He called frequently, and the more he and Maggie saw of each other the greater grew their liking.

One pleasant day in the beginning of Spring, the young man so confided in Maggie as to confess that he had not told her his chief reason for coming out West. Maggie looked very anxious at hearing this, but he not noticing the effect of his prelude went on with the confession.

"When I was a little boy and another person was a little girl, my parents who were old schoolmates of this little girl's parents, in a moment of friendly ardor suggested that when we little victims were grown to manhood and womanhood, that for us to be united in marriage would be a delightful consummation of the elders' friendship. Soon after this ridiculous plan had been proposed, my parents removed to another State and the friendship of the old folks was continued only through an occasional correspondence. But this romantic idea our parents did not lose sight of during the ensuing years. In fact it became a pet hobby of my father's. Just before I came out West, father had arrived at the conclusion that I was old enough to get married and he began urging me, almost persecuting me, to visit at this young woman's home that we might become acquainted, (and according to his programme), fall in love and get married. But I was very contrary: I would not satisfy him by even seeing the young woman. I preferred choosing for myself and not having my chances narrowed down to one woman, she very likely being commonplace and homely and the last one in all the world I would choose for a wife. It was about this time that my uncle in Kansas began urging me to join him on his ranch. Well, seeing that father was persistent and that my stubbornness made things rather unpleasant at home, I suddenly made up my mind to go West. From Kansas I came on here. I'm very glad now, Maggie, that the old folks made that absurd plan, else I might not have come West, and in that case how could we ever have met!"

Maggie seemed to be absorbed in deep thought and she did not notice his last remark. It was with heightened color she had listened to his confession, and now at its close, after a short pause she asked in a low tone:

"What is this woman's first name?"

He gave her name and not noticing Maggie's apparent jealousy, was lost for a while in some deep thinking. He was wondering whether this narrative was not a good introduction to another subject that had for some time been on his mind. Evidently he decided that it was, for then and there he told Maggie of his great love for her and asked her to be his wife.

Maggie did not seem herself to-day, for instead of blushing in the affirmative as any other loving woman in her place would have done, she in a very unnatural manner said:

"How do I know whom you are or what kind of person you may be; why, what do I know about you or your folks?"

John Stetson felt as though some one had dashed a bucket of ice water over him. He could not account for her strange, her cruel coldness. Could it be jealousy of that other woman he had been telling her of. He pleaded his cause earnestly, and finally, overcome no doubt by his eloquence, she consented, though under conditions, to become his betrothed. The conditions were that he should write to her father asking his consent and telling all about himself, also to his own father informing him of his contemplated marriage and asking if he sanctioned his choice. John groaned inwardly when he heard the second condition. He thought to himself: "Of course father won't approve, unless indeed the other girl is dead or about to be married herself!"

"And you must write those letters now," said Maggie commandingly, as she set the writing materials on the table.

With a lugubrious countenance and a sinking heart he began his task.

"Let me see what you have written—that is all right. Now address the envelope," she said, looking very mischievous.

"What is your father's full address?" he asked.

"J. J. Reeves, Mont—"

"You don't mean to say—" he began excitedly.

"Yes, I do!" she interrupted, smiling at him mischievously, "he is my step-father. My mother's name was Bertrold before she married Mr. Reeves."

Mr. Stetson's astonishment rendered him for a while speechless. Finally, he said inquiringly, while a joyful yet puzzled expression took possession of his countenance:

"Then you are 'Margaret,' the Margaret I was fleeing from!"

"Yes," she answered demurely.

"Oh, Margaret, my darling! I fly to thee!" quickly stepping across the room and clasping her to his breast. "What a stupid I have been."

"Didn't you recognize my name, precious?" he asked after a short interval of silent bliss.

"I thought, dear, that it sounded familiar when you mentioned it that day on the prairie; but as father and mother always spoke of your parents as 'George' and 'Helen,' I did not remember the surname."

## A STORY OF THE TIMES.

### I.

In this world so dull and dreary there are folks who make us weary, and they're scattered in their legions everywhere that man is found; to escape them I would gladly; to elude them I would madly, climb the tallest pine of Norway, or I'd burrow in the ground.

### II.

There's the bass, broad shouldered woman "who is neither brute nor human," who cavorts round the country, ranting on her sex's rights; who is equally abusive as she would be unobtrusive, who in words that smell of sulphur in a frenzied way delights.

### III.

There's the cranky, long-haired preacher who would be a moral teacher, guiding wayward steps to heaven, as it is his business to do; but who uses his position to orate of prohibition with a wild, absurd vehemence which the angels weep to view.

### IV.

There's the nickel-plate reformer who grows warm and waxes warmer, shouting out about the sorrows of the weary man who toils, who will see all rights respected should he only be elected (he would see his own respected when they come to share the spoils.)

### V.

Life is far too short and fleeting for the list to bear repeating of the loud, long-winded people who abruptly should be fired, to some island in the ocean where the noise of their commotion wouldn't reach the ears of people though it made the fishes tired.—  
*Walt Mason in Omaha Bee.*

In a recent book of memoirs the great Metternich is quoted as saying that ordinary old age was oppressive and wearisome, while great age, in the full sense of the term, was ultimately agreeable and pleasant. "An old man," he added, "when he passes the flowers in the garden, only sees their decay, while the very old man finds pleasure in the withering flowers, and beholds in decay merely the power of regeneration. In old age all duties, weigh more heavily on a man, and the tasks of life, which he still thinks it impossible to dispense with, are more than ever difficult to fulfill; the modest pretensions of hoary old age afford an undreamed of source of life's little pleasures and simple enjoyments."

It will take 1,500 persons to pack the raisins produced in Fresno County, California, this year.



## FERGUS COUNTY, MONTANA.

*From the Lewiston Argus.*

The area of Fergus County is 120 miles extreme length from east to west by ninety from north to south, and it contains about 10,513 square miles, or 6,737,780 acres—larger than the States of Connecticut, Delaware and Rhode Island combined. The Judith Basin, which comprises about one-half of the county, derives its name from the Judith River and the fact that it is surrounded by five ranges of mountains, namely, the Little Snowies, Little Belts, Judith, Moccasin and Highwood. Settlement is largely confined to the Basin region, where, in most seasons, water is abundant, and the rich valleys produce marvelous crops of cereals and garden truck without irrigation. Outside of the Basin can also be found many rich valleys which produce good crops in an average season, but the chief value of these lands lies in the nutritious grasses which make them valuable for wool growing, cattle and horse raising.

The general lay of the land in the Basin, the mountains, and numerous streams running toward a common centre, render it possible to reclaim or secure in spite of drouth, nearly every acre by artesian wells. But it is yet too great an undertaking for private enterprise. No county in Montana has finer valleys or richer grazing lands and it is only a question of time when the growth of crops and grass will be made doubly certain by the ingenuity and efforts of man.

## POPULATION AND INDUSTRIES.

The population of Fergus County is now estimated at 6,000, and it has attained this growth in a period of ten years, the first settlement taking place in 1879 and 1880. The increase has been steady, natural and healthful. There have been no "booms" to flood the county with idle and impecunious people. Men of means and those in search of honest toil have come hither to better their conditions. More land has been taken up in this county in the past ten years than in any other two counties in Montana, and still there is more to be had. With the advent of railroads, growth of Montana cities, giving a market for agricultural products, the building of flouring and woolen mills, and the development of our mines, the population will increase very rapidly.

Though segregated from Meagher County in 1886 and county organization formed in December of that year—not yet four years—the child has outgrown the mother, and surpasses Meagher County in assessable wealth. Notwithstanding we have had two dry seasons in succession our out of door industries continue to thrive.

In wool growing Fergus County takes the lead. Beginning ten years ago with a few hundred head the industry has increased until there are now nearly 400,000 head, including lambs, within the limits of the county, and the wool clip this year will reach in the neighborhood of 2,000,000 pounds.

In the cattle industry a change is taking place owing to a combination of circumstances. The range business is slowly giving way to closer and safer methods. The losses from severe winters, a low market, and a couple of dry seasons, have made the range cattle business hazardous and unprofitable. From 125,000 head in 1884, the number of cattle have been reduced to 50,000 head at the present time. Fully 18,000 head have been driven north from the county this season, owing to lack of feed and the enclosing of land and water courses. But the reduction of our cattle has reached the minimum. From now on there will be a steady increase. More men will be engaged in the business and cattle run in smaller bands, with some provision made to guard against losses during the winter months. Cattle will be better bred, better fitted for market and bring better prices in the future.

Our horse industry has grown from a few scrawny cayuses ten years ago to the number of 10,000 head, embracing some of the best blooded draft stock in the world. The most discouraging feature of the business is a low market, which has prevailed for several

years past. Growers, however, are not dismayed but constantly improving their bands, believing there will soon be a strong demand for good animals. Bands are free from disease, and in a region so well adapted for the development of a superior horse, there is a promising outlook for those who stay with the business.

## AGRICULTURAL LANDS.

The agricultural lands of this county are probably greater in extent than those of any other county in the State. They might be classed under three heads; those that produce crops almost every year without irrigation, those that are irrigated, and those that can be made productive by some general system of irrigation. For some time to come natural moisture and individual irrigation must be relied upon to make the soil productive. With only these aids the crops of oats, barley, wheat and garden produce are immense, but not what they would be if a ready market were at hand. No doubt one-third of the land in the county could be utilized for agricultural purposes were there a demand for its products. The soil is rich in the valleys and on the bench lands. From thirty to fifty bushels of wheat to the acre can be raised, while oats yield as high as eighty bushels. Our ranchmen are not depending on the products of the soil alone, however, but have started their little bands of stock, which, in conjunction with what they produce from the ground, will bring them good returns in the near future. Fergus County can raise enough agricultural products to supply all of Montana. A railroad to carry them to market is all that is needed.

## MINES OF GOLD, SILVER AND LEAD.

In nearly all the mountain ranges of the county can be found the precious metals. In the Little Belt Range on the west within the past year, rich gold and silver discoveries have been made. The Dry Wolf mining region is now classed among the great producers of the future. The district is rich in gold, silver, iron and lead, and only awaits the magic touch of capital to reveal its treasures. Vogo gulch, where rich placers were discovered twelve years ago, and which could be worked with great profit with plenty of water, is taking new life and promises to become a great quartz camp. The Neilhart Gold, Silver and Lead Reduction Company is operating there with a good force of men, while a Boston company is developing some properties.

The chief mining region, and which more properly belongs to this county, lies in the Judith Mountains. Though the range is not great in area, mineral abounds in all parts. Taking into consideration that this region was discovered less than ten years ago, and the distance from railroads, its development and the output of the mines have been great. Like every new camp it has had its failures and set-backs, but the surface indications and many rich prospects are evidences that all the minerals are there, which, with cheap transportation and the investment of capital, will yet make it one of the most important districts in the State. Here is located the great Spotted Horse mine, until recently considered one of the greatest gold properties in Montana, and still held by some to be as good as ever. It is thought the work will start up again before Fall. There are a number of other claims under development that show up well in gold and silver.

In the Cone Butte district, on the east side of the range, are many fine properties, with considerable ore on the dump. Some shipments of ore have been made, with good returns.

Rich placer grounds have also been discovered in this range but the scarcity of water prevents them from being worked to advantage.

Recent discoveries in the North Moccasin Mountains have caused no little interest. Specimens of rich gold and silver-bearing quartz have been brought in recently from that range and prospectors have the greatest hope of developing "bonanzas" before the year closes. There are good placer diggings on the north side of the range, but have been worked but

little during the past two years owing to a shortage of snow and water in the mountains.

The Little Snowy Mountains have never been thoroughly prospected, and it is believed that they also contain the precious metals.

## COAL LANDS.

There is any quantity of good coal lands in this county, but owing to the abundance and cheapness of wood but little mining has been done. The more important fields are located as follows: One extending from Folsom Creek across Swimming Woman Creek to Careless Creek, some twenty miles in length; one near Fort Maginnis; one six miles west of Maiden; one on Plum Creek, North Moccasin Mountains; one on upper Spring Creek; one on lower Dog Creek, and one extending from the Judith River to Wolf Creek along the Belt Range. The majority of the coal is bituminous in character.

## HER HANDKERCHIEF.

'Tis not a very dainty thing,  
No filmy mass of priceless lace,  
And yet it makes my senses thrill  
To feel its touch against my face.  
Only a square of simple white,  
With hemstitched border prim and plain.  
Strange that so slight a thing should cause  
Such moments of regret and pain.

'Tis crumpled, too, and I confess  
A trifle soiled through many years.  
Shall I not prize it higher far  
Because its stains are those of tears?  
And if it might be made as white  
As lilies pure, or drifted snow,  
Because her dear hands toyed with it,  
For her sweet sake I'll answer "no."

I'll treasure every little crease  
Her restless fingers idly made,  
While I sat listening to her voice,  
And watched her, wondering, half afraid.  
She seemed unlike herself that day,  
Her laugh too gay, her words too light.  
I did not know that hearts might break,  
E'en while the smiles are brave and bright.

How could her laugh ring out so oft,  
When in a moment we must part?  
I thought I read her soul aright—  
Behind her smiles a fickle heart.  
I may have erred. I do not know  
What shadow came between us then,  
But all this time it has remained—  
And we have never met again.

And so we parted in this mood.  
Our final words were just as light  
As though I left her for an hour,  
As though I only said "good-night."  
Perhaps I grew a trifle pale,  
Perhaps she gave one half-heard sigh—  
It quickly changed into a laugh  
As we shook hands and said "good bye."

Her laugh was ringing in my ear  
The while I turned and left her there,  
And lying idly where it fell,  
I found this kerchief by her chair.  
I took it, for I knew full well  
It was too slight a thing to miss.  
Through all these years I've cherished it  
Because it felt her lips' light kiss.

Poor little piece of wrinkled lawn,  
Your day of beauty's long since past!  
And yet, of all the things I prize  
You are the one I'll part with last.  
For you at one time touched her face,  
And may have wiped away some tears.  
For her dear sake I'll treasure you  
Through many long and weary years.

HENRY EDWARD DEANE.

St. Paul, August, 1890.

## THE WESTERN MEN.

The men who are known to be good enough,  
The men who are made of excellent stough,  
Who are ready to meet any kind of rebough,  
Whether given by wearer of cough or of mough,  
And seldom, if ever, go off in a hough,  
Who laugh at a man who attempts a blough,  
Who are tender at heart, if they do seem groug,  
And are always and everywhere "up to snough"—  
Are the men that this stanza is written to pough.

MATT W. ALDERSON.

## GOLD MILLING.

Our illustration on this page shows a modern gold mill, as constructed by the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco, California. This process is adapted to the reduction of "free" milling gold ores. Mineralogically, these ores are characterized by a quartz gangue or matrix, carrying native gold, with which are generally associated auriferous sulphurets. Iron pyrite is usually the predominating auriferous sulphuret. It is often accompanied by auriferous arsenical pyrites, chalcopyrite, zinc-blende, galena, and less frequently by some of the telluride and other rare minerals. The process employed is thus described by the *Montana Mining Review*:

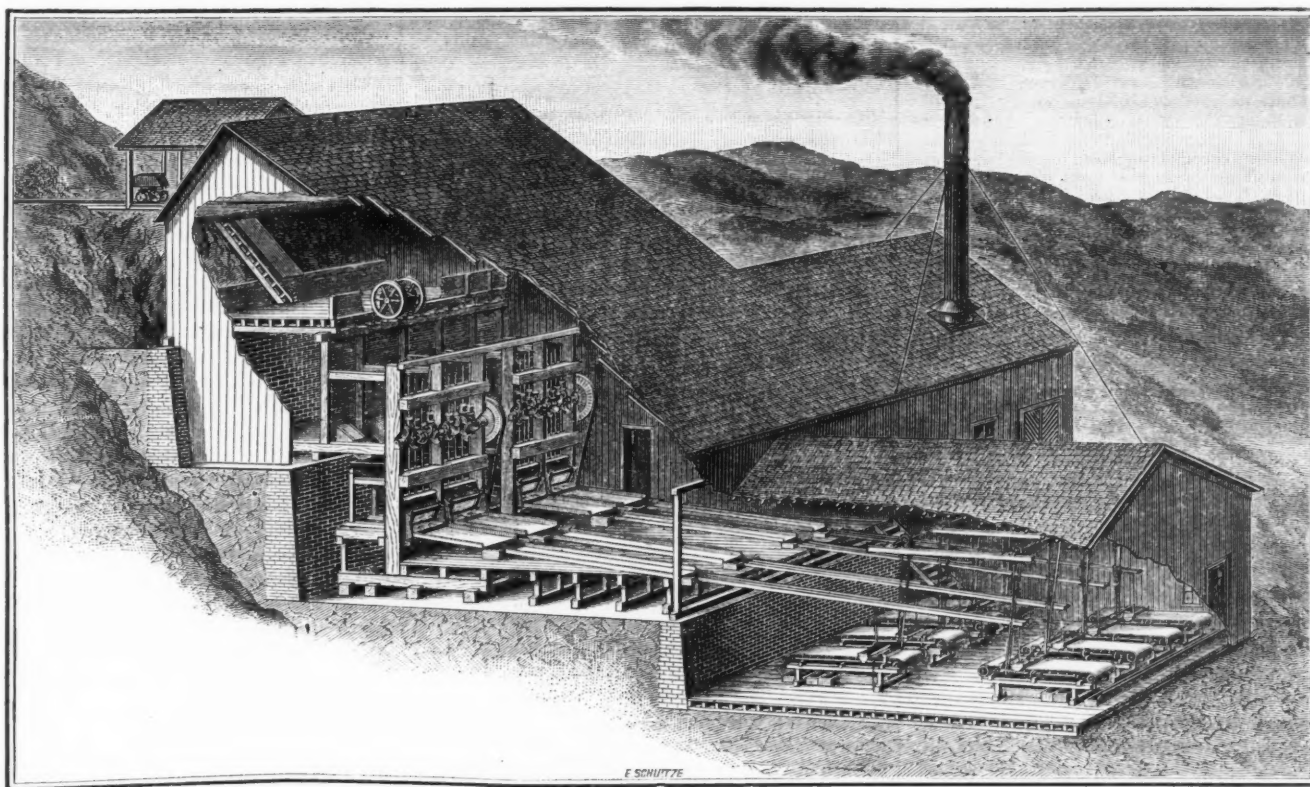
The ore is dumped against an inclined "grizzly," the finer ore passing through the interstices of the grizzly, falls directly into the main ore bin. The coarser ore (too large to pass through the grizzly) is screened off by gravity into the coarse ore bin, from which it is drawn by gravity directly into the rock-breakers, or it falls upon the floor in front of the

two per cent. of sulphurets. The concentrated sulphurets assay on an average from \$60 to \$90 per ton in gold, with from a trace to several dollars in silver.

The "concentrates" are dried, then roasted in reverberating furnaces, by which the sulphur, arsenic, antimony and other volatile elements are expelled and the other base metals are oxidized. Salt is added to the charge towards the end of the roasting. This effects a saving of the chlorine in the subsequent chloridizing and also converts the silver present into chloride of silver. When a dead roast is attained, the roasted ore is drawn from the furnace, wetted down and charged into the vats, where it is impregnated with chlorine. The chlorine is generated by a mixture of peroxide of manganese, salt and sulphuric acid. It is introduced into the vats through false bottoms. The chlorine in the nascent state attacks the gold forming tetrachloride of gold. This is leached out by water. The lixivium is run into settling vats where the gold in solution is precipitated by the addition of a solution of sulphate of iron. The precipitated gold is in a finely divided state. It is

The settlement of Montana after the dawn of the golden era was confined principally to the Beaverhead, Ruby, Jefferson, Madison, Gallatin, Missouri and Deer Lodge valleys. These valleys had come to be pretty well stocked before the close of the seventies, and the movement of herds to the Yellowstone, Musselshell, Judith, Sun River, Teton, Marias and other unsettled ranges was commenced. These new valleys were then the same paradise that their earlier homes were in the sixties. But another decade has passed, and we find to-day that the fencing of the water courses, willow patches and bottom lands on our streams and their tributaries far up into the mountains is driving the range industry still farther onto the frontier. Considerable stock is now moving to the Milk River country, and when this is full they will recoil upon the Crow and Blackfoot reservations.

There is but little doubt that the days of successful range growing are well nigh spent. The land owner is the man who is to eventually own the country. The day is not far distant when the owners of land



MODERN GOLD MILL WITH CONCENTRATORS.

rock-breakers. By these it is crushed, and falls into the main ore bins. From the main ore bins the ore passes through gates into the "self-feeders" which supply it automatically to the batteries. Quicksilver is fed at intervals to the mortars of the battery, and coming in contact with the native or "free" gold of the finely crushed ore (pulp) forms with it an amalgam. This amalgam is caught partly by the copper plates, after it has issued through the screens of the mortars.

The amalgam is "cleaned up" periodically and retorted. Retorting consists in the sublimation of the quicksilver, the vapors of which are condensed in water and the quicksilver collected. The residual gold is in a porous state. It is melted with fluxes in crucibles and cast in ingots.

The pulp from which the free gold has been extracted by amalgamation passes over "concentrators" of various mechanical devices. These "concentrators" effect a separation of the auriferous sulphurets from the worthless gangue. In some sections of the country the sulphurets are sold to smelting works, in others they are treated by the chlorination process.

The gold ores of some sections carry on an average

collected on filters, melted in crucibles with fluxes and run into ingots.

The chloride of silver (insoluble in water) remaining in the vats is leached out by a solution of hyposulphite of soda (or of lime). The lixivium is run into precipitating vats where the silver is precipitated as sulphide of silver by the addition of polysulphide of soda (or of lime.) The precipitated sulphide of silver is collected, melted and cast into bars.

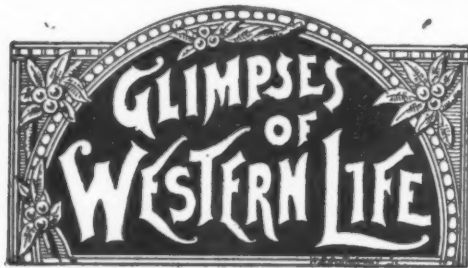
## THE MONTANA RANGES.

Gradually but surely the range industry sees the days of its glory depart. About 1884 it reached the zenith, and hovered there about a year or two, when the decline set in, says the Rocky Mountain Husbandman. The first cause of this was the weakening of the market but this was the sole cause for a short time only, for the feed supply soon became a serious problem. The hard winter paralyzed the industry, so to speak, and our range stock-owners were long-faced for years; and just as they were getting their herds back to the original number, the dry weather set in, causing the future to be filled with doubts and forebodings.

will be the only cattle growers of note in the State, as the country will be a network of fencing. The production of stock will increase under the new regime if the winter problem is solved, and if not, many must be sacrificed to quality. As the country grows older, better breeds will take the place of our present stock, for when it comes to winter feeding—an era fast approaching—the scrub must go. When nature furnished feed in unlimited supply without the labor of man, anything was good enough to own; but with the new order of affairs our people will not be slow to learn that it will pay best to raise the best. When it comes to the country being fenced from mountain base to river strand, dairy herds and small bands of high grade cattle will be the rule.

We have been accustomed to the range system so long that we regret to see it depart, but it is the inevitable decree of civilization that it must go, and that too in a few short years. But cattle-growing in the manner described—that is, upon states principles—will remain as long as the succession of sunshine and storm renders our State habitable, and will be fully as remunerative as the same industry is in any portion of the continent.—*Helena Independent*.





### THE WEST-BOUND TRAIN.

A sweep of smoke, a thunder roll,  
A scream that shook the eagle's nest,  
A giant under man's control—  
It dashed across the desert west.

The wild dogs and the watching tribes  
Like driven dust before it flew,  
The wealth of kings, the skill of scribes  
It bore to lands they never knew.

The golden grain beside it sprang,  
The mountains opened up their stores,  
And like the sound of music rang  
The children's feet on happy floors.

Oh, brethren of the moving flame,  
The world's undaunted chivalry.  
You bear, no matter whence you came,  
The message of the brave and free.

When over lone Siberian plains  
The headlight pours its flashing ray,  
Despairing captives from their chains  
May rise to greet a brighter day.

Speed on, speed on, till earth has found  
That justice cheaper is than war,  
Till labor's strength, with wisdom crowned  
Shall be more potent than a czar.

MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

### A Strange Occurrence.

A peculiar phenomenon occurred near Volga, S. D., the other day. About a mile and a half from town is a small creek which has been dry for two years. In the morning the bed of the creek was as dry as the land on either side, but in the evening a stream of water twenty feet wide and three feet deep was running with a very swift current along in the old water course. No rain had fallen and people were puzzled to know what started the flow of water.

### Stories of Girl Harvesters.

"Stories of girl harvesters are now in order," says a Kansas newspaper, "and Dickinson County rather leads the procession with a girl of fifteen, pretty and graceful, who has driven the self-binder over 1,200 acres for her father and taken care of the four horses herself. During the Spring she helped put in 120 acres of corn, did the work for a family of seven persons, went to ten dances and tried twice to elope. She expects now to start in the Fall to Africa as a missionary."

### Hunting Elk With a Steamboat.

A few days ago the steamer Restless sighted two fine elk swimming across the Nasel. She gave chase and soon was alongside of them. Then for a few moments there was considerable excitement aboard. A small rifle and a revolver were soon produced, and everyone wanted a hand in the fun, and no one wanted to stay at the wheel or in the engine-room. Finally after considerable splashing of water, firing of guns and yelling of passengers, both animals were killed and hauled aboard the boat. They were both bucks and had fine velvet horns.—*Sealand, Wash., Journal.*

### She Got There.

Miss Fay Fuller enjoys the distinction of being the first woman who ever ascended to the top of Mount Tacoma, 14,444 feet above the sea level. Four men accompanied her. She carried blankets and two

days' rations. Many strong men have attempted the feat and failed, but Miss Fuller got there and spent a night in the famous crater. Miss Fuller is the daughter of Edward Fuller, proprietor of the Tacoma *Every Sunday*, and is the society editor of that paper. From Paradise Camp, August 12, she wrote to a friend in Tacoma: "Hurrah! I have been to the top of Mount Tacoma and am safely back. Five of us spent all night in the crater. Am perfectly satisfied, but Oh! it was hard work."

### Will Breed Elk.

Ira Dodge, who is known as the great bear killer, has gone into other business. During the Spring and Summer Ira has been capturing young elk, until he has now procured nearly twenty. These he has put with another band belonging to a friend, who together have nearly forty head. Ira has been offered big money for his herd by a New York man, but he has about concluded to start a breeding establishment and raise elk, which are rapidly becoming extinct.—*Montana Stock Journal.*

### Distinguished Wheelmen.

D. M. and S. W. Rogers are making a trip of the continent on bicycles. They hail from Millbury, Massachusetts, and left Plymouth Rock on their wheels April 20, 1890, and expect to reach Portland, Oregon, on or about September 20. According to a Montana exchange they look bronzed, of course, after such an exposure to the elements, but are in excellent working trim and in the best of spirits. Their muscular tissue feels like iron bands, and it is safe to say that they will complete the trip in excellent shape and good condition.

### Among the Indians.

Miss Grace Howard, daughter of Joseph Howard, Jr., has gone back to her work among the Indians at Crow Creek agency in South Dakota. Miss Howard has a grant of eighty acres of land from the government and has ten Indian girls living in the house with her. Her idea seems to be in the line of industrial work. She says "the girls who return from Hampton Institute have learned some of the ways of civilization, but there is absolutely no incentive for them to go on with the new life they have begun. For the Indian boy there is always the farm, but for the girl there is nothing. Housekeeping in a Sioux cabin is too simple to furnish much occupation."

### Washington Giants.

"They talk about big trees," said Frank Ross, as he bemoaned the luck that penned him up on the United States jury, and wished himself back in the wilds, "but you've never seen such trees as I saw on my recent trip, not many miles south of here. I never saw such timber. It beats the big trees of California. We measured trees forty feet in circumference. You had to go some distance off to see the top. They rise straight up 350 feet, and some of them go 200 feet without a branch of any kind. It would take a whole railroad train to bring one of these sticks from the woods to a saw mill, but just think what a piece of timber that would make for a world's fair exhibit."—*Tacoma Globe.*

### A Chance for Kansas Farmers.

John McGilvray, northeast of Nooksack City, has a novel potato patch. He has sixty-four hills of common size, with plenty of earth for each hill, and all growing in the space formerly occupied by one cedar stump. His crop last year averaged one bushel to six hills, and the season was very dry. Near his farm W. G. McKnight, (Farmer McKnight, who is running the Byron House), has volunteer oats which were never plowed or harrowed at all, but which stand five feet tall and have not lodged. If some of the men who suppose themselves to be farming in Iowa, or Nebraska, or Missouri, or parched-up Kansas, would only give away their so-called farms, come out here, take claims, work out to support their

families until they could prove up, and meantime clear up all they could, they would be making a thousand dollars where they now make one.—*Whatcom, Wash., Bulletin.*

### Sheep With Six Horns.

On a farm about three miles west of Sheridan, on Big Goose Creek, Wyoming, there is a herd of 800 sheep. They are slowly changing to the many-horned variety. Three years ago a buck with four horns made his appearance, and now there are among the herd, which are of mixed Merino, about 100 of these freaks of nature, with horns on each ranging in number from three to six. The wool on many of these horned sheep is of a coarser quality than that of the Merino, and at the age of three years, from nine to ten pounds is clipped from each. These sheep are really a curiosity. The owner has had several of them photographed for eastern papers, and a lamb with six separate horns will be kept for a museum.

### An Interesting Saloon Discussion.

A Polander and a Bohemian got to disputing in Anton Kumbalek's saloon the other day over the nationality of Christopher Columbus. One was positive that the great navigator was a Pole and the other was emphatic in his declaration that he was a Bohemian. After they had wrangled some time over the matter Kumbalek went and brought out a copy of the trial of Guiteau and said, "Here's the life of Columbus, look up the matter and stop fussing." But neither of them could read a word of English, so they give the book to a Frenchman and asked him to read what was said regarding the nativity of Columbus. The Frenchman pretended to read a few minutes and then said: "Why, the book says that Columbus was a Bohemian and that his wife was a Pole." This was a satisfactory settlement of the question to both parties and they took a drink together and went away feeling prouder than ever of the land of their birth.—*Two Rivers Chronicle.*

### Enterprising California Women.

The San Diego chamber of commerce has a "ladies" annex of over 700 members. Its object is to co-operate in promoting the best interests of their city and the county, encouraging various industries, to patronize every grade of home product and manufacture as far as consistent with price and quality and to help in every way to develop the vast resources of that region; nineteen different sections of the county are represented in the annex. The leading men of the city and the press of the city and county were quick to recognize the power and influence of the annex. Co-operation in all efforts for local advancement is distinctly sought for. Grocers are advertising "home products," as they have learned that the households controlled by the members of the annex use them whenever possible. The Chamber of Commerce desires to maintain a permanent exhibit of the horticultural riches of the region round about it, but not until the annex was in co-operation with it could the farmers and cultivators be roused to do their duty.

### A Tough Old Bear.

From Jeff Taylor, who has a band of sheep in the vicinity of Mount Adams, and who was in town last Saturday, we learn that Mr. Thomas Smith, an Oregon sheep man, now running sheep in the same locality, killed a large black bear one day last week. Mr. Smith, with a couple of sheep dogs, treed the bear, and not having his gun with him, he tied the dogs under the tree to prevent the bear from coming down, and started to camp for his gun. In the meantime his bearship quietly backed down the tree and apparently without molesting the dogs mosied off. One of the dogs slipped his rope off and got away, however, and was back to camp by the time Mr. Smith got there. Hastening back to the tree and loosening the other dog, he was not long in freeing him again and with one shot the old fellow,

weighing fully 500 pounds, fell to the earth as dead as a door nail. They tried to eat a small piece of him that night for supper, but somehow the more they would chew the bigger the chunk got until they were compelled to abandon it as a bad job.—*Goldendale, Wash., Sentinel.*

#### The Woods are Full of Big Trees.

Standing about a mile west of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern Railroad, on the banks of Pillchuck Creek, is a big fir tree that leaves the Bothell tree, concerning which all the newspapers in the State have had more or less to say, clear in the shade. Having heard that there was a pretty big sapling up in that vicinity, the *Star* man last Monday put a tape line in his pocket and wandered out on the trail to take a look at it. Some one has chipped the bark off all around the tree as high as he could reach with an axe, but still it measures forty-one feet four inches around, or thirteen feet, six inches in diameter. It is perfectly sound, stands straight and is nearly 100 feet to the first limb. Experienced loggers estimate that at least 50,000 feet of first-class lumber can be cut from the tree. And down on the bottom lands, just at the forks of the Stillaguamish, is an old spruce that is no slouch for a spruce, being a good nine feet in diameter. The woods around here, however, are so full of big trees that they cause no comment whatever.—*Stillaguamish, Wash., Star.*

#### Catching Dog Fish on the Sound.

"Cap" Ross, the old fisherman who resides on Burrows' Island, was seen by an *Anacortes Progress* man at the water front the other day repairing and caulking a large sail boat. The old man's greeting was hearty and he grew quite communicative as, in response to some questions, he told how he managed to eke out something more than a precarious and not all permanent existence by fishing.

"No, I don't use a seine," he said, as he refilled his pipe. "I use what is called a trout line and it has just 400 hooks. What do I catch chiefly? Why, dogfish because they pay me better than any other fish; but I have to go a good ways for bait, which is herring, and which I get at Waldron Island chiefly. Thought the dog of no earthly use? Well, one or two dogfish might not be, but a number are. We use them to extract the oil from their livers, much in the same way as codliver oil is obtained from the liver of the cod, though the two processes are a little different. In both cases the fish are gutted, but the cod's liver is thrown on the rock till it grows nearly putrid in the sun, when it is boiled and the oil is extracted, deodorized and refined. We simply boil the dogfish liver in a large kettle and skim off the oil as it floats on the surface. The Indians have a way of extracting oil from the whole of the fish, but the process is too troublesome and the yield too small.

"What is the oil used for?"

"For a number of purposes, such as greasing skidways, making cheap engine oils, and I suppose a large quantity goes to make up what is known as 'dope' or fish oil, which is the body of all cheap paints used on the Pacific Coast."

"What is dogfish oil worth?"

"It is worth at present about forty cents a gallon, though I have seen it as low as thirty-five and as high as four bits. I have obtained as much as forty gallons in a day, which at forty cents a gallon, is about sixteen dollars for the day's labor. A hundred dogfish will give about five gallons of oil."

#### How He Got His Start.

"Do I remember the first \$1,000 I ever earned?" echoed Henry Westfall, a wealthy resident of Colorado, in answer to the question of a fellow lodger at the Grand Pacific hotel, says the *Chicago Evening Post*, "Well, rather. I was a young lad at the time and the only child of the poorest family in a coal-mining town of Pennsylvania. One day, while engaged in picking slate, I heard a big commotion at the top of the mine. The men were very much excited, and the owner, who was the richest and most

devout churchman in the town, was wringing his hands and imploring the men to do something. Running up I learned that the men had fired a fuse attached to an extra large cartridge and had just come from the mine when they discovered that they had left the pretty little daughter of the owner behind. She had gone down with her father, and while the latter came up for an errand had wandered away. The cartridge had not yet exploded, as the fuse had purposely been made long to enable the men to get up. The father, as you may imagine, was agonized. He offered \$1,000 to any one who would go down after the little one. But no one would stir. All them had families of their own—except, of course, myself—and would not run the risk of death. The sum was a fortune to me, especially as my father was

I came to I was on top of the ground, taken there by the men who, when in answer to my last signal—they had not received the other two—had raised the little girl and then come down after me.

"Well the next day the father thanked me, but said nothing about the \$1,000. The men advised me to ask for it. I refused. Then some of them asked for me, and the owner told them that they were mistaken; he had offered nothing. So mad were they that they threatened to throw him down the mine, but they desisted at my request. A few weeks later I was discharged, probably because I was an eye-sore to the owner. My father having in the meantime recovered, I went away and obtained work in New York and after awhile secured a fair position. One day about fifteen years after this event a charming



BRINGING HOME THE GAME.

from sickness, unable to work. Jumping on the car I called to be let down, and amid the cheers of the men I descended. Each moment had death in it for me unless the fuse was longer than was thought. But I tried not to think of it, and when I reached the bottom the child was playing at the mouth of the shaft. I grabbed her, put her in the car and gave the signal to be hoisted up. But the car did not move. I repeated the signal, but still without avail. In agony of fear I jerked it again and the car still remaining at the bottom I bade the little girl to stay where she was, and then I ran into the new drift where the explosion was to take place. A little spark revealed the whereabouts of the fuse. The fuse was still an inch long, and I took hold of it and pulled it out. I tried to cheer, but had fainted instead. When

young lady drove up in her carriage, and, coming in, called for me. She did not at first give her name, but asked me if I would do her a favor. Of course I said yes. She then told me it was she whom I had saved; that her father had died a short time before, and that in looking over his papers she had found a letter of some of the men to him, upbraiding him for not paying me the \$1,000. This was the first she had heard of the obligation, and she had immediately set out to find me. As she said this she handed me a check for \$1,500, the extra \$500 being, she explained, the interest. I was about to refuse to accept the check, but she reminded me that I had promised to do her a favor and so I must keep my word. So I took it with her card, and she left. What became of her? Well, six months later she became my wife."



## THE MINER'S MULE.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY H. L. WILLIAMS.

Early in June, 1848, I reached San Francisco, after spending seventy days on the overland journey.

Not flattering myself that I was fitted for the arduous task of gold-hunting, I should have remained in the budding city, expensive as all things were. From the great and well-paid demand for my services, I was a cabinet-maker by trade, but I stooped to do any work in the way of wood-shaping presenting itself.

But one evening, taking a stroll, though the streets were dangerous, I was struck by the elegance of a Spanish-Mexican who sailed along in all the resplendent costume of his race when "flush." Some men inspire a sympathy which is not affected in its strength by our inability to account for it; and this stranger filled me with a desire to "follow his flag," so to say.

I had not far to go. He stopped in front of a canvas drinking and gambling saloon—they were all one in those days—where a lad of his own complexion was holding a very fiery native horse, and awaiting him. The groom seemed to remind him of an engagement, but, happening to glance into the temporary structure, and being beckoned to by an unseen hand, he yielded to the temptation, and stalked within. A jingle of the enormous spurs, an aroma of a delicious cigar, and this dandified vision was gone. The same sudden and inexplicable sentiment of admiration and devotion which had attracted me to him, continued though he was lost to view.

I approached the yawning—while not very inviting—entrance, and, despite the scowl of the stalwart pugilistic ruffians who guarded the portals, I peeped within.

At the same nick of time the new-comer became the centre of one of those whirlpool of men in angry and mercenary encounters characterising those temples of the infernal passions; steel was flashing and I expected that pistols would begin to flash also.

I do not know to this day what urged me and clearly pointed out to me my course; but I turned, took two steps toward the gutter, snatched the broncho's bridle from the groom, got my legs across the back, and, before I rose in the saddle—novel in shape to me, rode in at the canvas doorway. To the reader of the knightly romances which were popular at the time, I may have resembled an Ivanhoe charging with bowed head and levelled spear; but to my own mind it was more like the headlong races of us boys on the New England farm, taking the horses to water.

Whatever the proper simile, in plain fact, I was at the central table in a twinkling, everybody falling off to one side or the other as though I were a magnificent monarch. It looked as though I had arrived too tardily, for the gallant cavalier had been knocked down so as to be only retained by the table; the scamps had torn away his jacket for the sake of the real silver trimming; his temple was bleeding and in another minute he would have been only fit for feeding the sharks. Governed by the same impulse as was making me a hero, I let out my right hand, which cleared aside the most inveterate of the Mexican's antagonists, he who had secured his jacket, and leaning over the saddlebow, caught a good grip of my protegee, and dragged him with me on the wild career. The steed only swerved because the bar was an insurmountable obstacle; passing one end of this, it plunged direct at the canvas and went through it as if it were a sheet of wax. Exalted by the success of my unstudied feat, I whooped with joy as, making a circuit in the waste ground at the back of what was called a street, I felt that among the citizens whom the groom's lamentations had collected, we should be safe enough.

When I was taken out of the saddle I was thankful for the glass of brandy presented me; the abnormal fever-fit had spent itself; a boy could have mastered me and I could not have attempted to ride a blind old Samson-horse of the cider-mill.

Thus I made the acquaintance of the celebrated *Gambusino*, Pedro Ramez.

"Gambusino" was the current nickname for what is more recently called the prospector. He is often confounded with the *Rascador*, or scratcher; but one holds the same relation to the other as a knight to his squire. The *Gambusino* wanders about and discovers a gold deposit, which is worked by the scratcher or digger, (but under the native rule, its surface-collecting and washing did not require the deep-sinking of the mining era) under the unwritten law, the finder having the right of inflicting death to preserve his secret.

The Spanish-American *Gambusinos*, with true Castilian pride, when the gross gold-grubbers did swarm upon the placer, would stride off in wounded dignity, leaving them the treasure, and console themselves by looking for another.

Luckily for me, hero in spite of myself, the gratitude of the Mexican took the shape of one of those fanciful and yet durable friendships, or rather brotherhoods, frequent among men of the Latin races. He initiated me into the secret of his profession, revealed to me the points by which to reach a placer, made me swear never to work it longer than a fortnight at a time, and renounced all his claim to it.

His action as regards me was almost unique in the legend, let alone the history of *Gambusinos*; but on the other hand, "The Gringos" were not in the habit of rescuing "The Greasers" in pure chivalry from gambling house scrapes.

I had been felicitating myself so far for resisting the temptation of going to the mines. A few old fellows had added their congratulations to my own; "You will keep your head, pocket and health unbroken, young man; and here I was, because of something certain to go upon, taken with the gold fever as bad as anyone. From the instant Pedro gave me the indications, I yearned to be on the gold-path. In one day I made my preparations, and started with the historic outfit of the forty-miners—extra boots, mackinaw blanket, change or flannel shirts, a pick and shovel, bowl, tin can, quinine for fever and chills, and a bowie-knife.

Pedro, of course, went a bit of the way with me to see me out of the city. He had brought as a kind of reminiscence of my equestrian exploit, a young mule, lively and skittish.

"My dear boy" he said, "It is a long and toilsome road to the Sacramento, and you must husband your powers if you expect to see us again. Where the food for man is scarce there might be none for those dainty beasts, the American horses. You would not get along well with the 'bronchos,' he went on with the smile of an accomplished cavalier for a greenhorn, 'and you would still have to lead a baggage-mule. No steed worthy the name should be made a beast of burden. Do not let the mule be stolen, and never go to rest without having *Lareata* tied to your body. Last advice: Never sleep under cover, as then you cannot see your enemy come, and every man is an enemy in the diggings. Sleep with one eye open and keep your mouth shut to repel the bad air."

I went up the left bank of the Sacramento to the point where it cuts the Fortieth parallel. It was a nine days' march through a thousand groups of haggard and worn-out men, their eyes shining with strange fire, feverishly turning up the sand and clods bestrewn with gold. Already one would rake up human bones which were not those of the aboriginal race. From place to place I saw tents encircling a board shanty, the nucleus of the towns of 1880-'9. At the outermost of such camps, I provisioned myself at a fabulous cost, and powder, for some reason happening to be in quantity and cheap, I laid in a good store, in spite of my not having fire-arms.

Thereupon, heading for the Southwest, I plunged into the labyrinth of the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. In one day's journey I was in a perfect desert. I kept on two days farther, moving carefully so as not to stray from the route laid down by the donor of the fortune. All that time, save a figure half a mile off, that might not have been human,

though I fancied so, I met no living creatures but some deer and few of them. At length, on the evening of the twentieth of May, I recognized the picturesque spot which Pedro had described.

I was up with the lark next day. What a land of desolation encompassed me; rocks piled on rocks, a few scrubby trees, earth-cracks, precipices and gaping holes; chaos in which I blundered for four long hours. At length, an expected sound pleasantly tickled my ear; a dozen feet below me gaily tumbled a torrent into a bottomless fit to form a pretty cascade. This spouted out of a hole in the rock which it entirely filled up.

This was the place.

The lariat was round my mule's neck; the other end I attached to a boulder as a practical hint that he was not to kick up any didoes and leave me in the lurch. Tying an extra lasso to a jutting crag, I threw the free end towards the jet of water, so as to have it as a guide-rope. I fastened my pick to my shoulders and lowered myself by my hands on the cord and my feet getting the best hold they could against the almost perpendicular side of the canyon. Each touch of the toe sent fragments from the weather-rotted rock down into the unfathomable pit. In this way I reached a shelf about a yard wide, on the left of, and a little underneath the gap out of which the waterfall forcibly gushed. There I disengaged myself of the rope and attacked the rock with my pick.

My task was to drive a side-gallery into the seat of a gold deposit. My motive was this—Pedro Ramez had told me:

"When you find the cascade of which I minutely state the directions, you must enlarge the orifice; the flow will increase but soon dwindle down to a mere thread. That signifies that the inner reservoir will be emptied, whereupon you will enter by the aperture of your making. In the muddy bottom of the cavern under your feet you will find fifty per cent. at least of gold in flakes."

"So you have been in there?" I had exclaimed.

"No; but a *Gambusino* never makes a mistake in such matters. Any way the reason is simple enough. An auriferous stream runs down the Snowy Mountains, becomes a sunk river, and spouts out over two hundred yards beyond in the shape of the cascade I mentioned. But its clear waters do not carry a particle of metal. It follows that the gold-bearing flow found a receptacle within the hill where it has been depositing the dust and grains mixed with mud. It is a matter of millions of dollars.

I stuck to the work for five hours before I climbed up to take some refreshment. I was too excited to eat much more than a cracker and sip the last drop or two of my whiskey. With restored powers, I went down with the powder, and charged my mine; I sealed it up with blocks of granite dug out of the clay in which it was embedded near by. From the centre of my mine ran a bit of rope smeared with powder to make a match. I reckoned it would burn ten minutes or so, three times longer than I wanted of time to climb up and lead Muley clear of the reach of the explosion.

I struck fire from a flint with the back of my knife, caught it on a rag, blew it into a flame, lit the match and flung it up in a sort of natural gutter so that it would lay horizontal and hence burn not too fast.

At this juncture I heard my mule bray at the top of its lungs, and stamp pretty lively, and I halloed, as I cast a final and satisfied glance at my work.

"Oh, ho! you cunning rascal, your instinct tells you that this spot is going to be rather a warm corner before long. Keep your hair on, my companyero—we are going to pull up stakes mighty sudden, you bet!"

I thrust out my hand to seize the cord and it met the naked rock. I looked and I uttered a howl which was not at all human. The rope, without which I could not regain the firm land—the rope had vanished.

The rush of dread and incoherent thoughts which surged up into my brain in that second, is beyond the

capability of speech to express. At the start I did not wish to believe the truth; but there it was, alas! evident, tangible; though the fact was incomprehensible. A wild terror overwhelmed me; at any cost I must get out of this cursed trap, or in a few seconds I should meet my death or be compelled to leap out into the abyss. In any case I could not remain on the shelf which had barely served to enable me to execute my ill-omened task. Without the most elementary prudence I set to scrambling upward with hand and foot, but I might as well have sought to scare Olympus. The bits of rock came out and down I slid after a poor reward for my desperate exertions, upon the ledge once more.

To hope to rise out of the deadly gulch was folly; I turned my despairing efforts towards the fatal match whose spluttering flames burnt on and on fearfully, timing with its sparks the seconds of my threatened life. If only I could have reached it and quenched it; vain flash of hope! I had flung it too high and the up-and-down a wall of granite forbade any touching it. With my pick I might have done something, but I had left it with my "plunder," three yards above my head. I hurled some stones to smash the blazing head of this fiery serpent whose pallid glow fascinated my fixed gaze of one maddened with awe and anguish; but the beating of the blood in my temples so as to give me giddiness robbed me of steadiness of hand and eye. I had to give it up, and still the match burned.

Suddenly I had a painful gleam of lucidity. My wits seemed to emerge from the beclouding folly madness which had veiled them, and the trickling drops of water seemed to spell: "Y-o-u-a-r-e-d-o-o-m-e-d!" and my lips mechanically repeated that I was going to die. After the great dread came a weird torpor, but at the same time, I felt that I was losing consciousness. A man and swoon away! But I had gone through intense strain, I was fatigued, I had been racked; when I came to, I had forgotten my state. I did not know where I was. I wondered what this was which held me on one lip of its vast mouth. Then a kind of earthy star caught my dazed eye; it was the flame not half-a-yard from the mine. I had awakened before I slept forevermore.

By the shock I felt all the intelligent life in me fled in order to yield place to the animal spirits which fight to extinction and will not surrender; I felt my muscles turn to steel that I might spring up and attain that blue sky and the verge where life was awaiting me. But incredibly tiger-like though the bound was that I made, my stretched fingers could not grasp a stronger hold; uselessly torn by the jags and points, I slipped again, and this time, I was confident that I should miss the shelf and go over into the gulch. A shower of stones which I had dislodged would accompany me in my flight—they pelted me now, as from the gnomes fabled to defend all treasures. One of them struck me on the head, rebounded and slapped my cheek—that was not a stone—what was this flexible yet substantial and resisting thing which lashed me till my fingers clutched it and wound themselves round it? My eyes, already closed in the expectation of such an end, re-opened and beheld a rope in my grip.

A leather rope, which by short but determined jerks, began to hoist me upwards.

I sent forth a roar of wild, mad laughter; I aided myself with knee and toe and elbow, and reached the edge—I clambered over and fell along the ground—I was saved!

But the emotion was too much; I did not see clearly; there was my mule but also an indistinct but human form or two—a broad flame spread like a sheet between, with sharp crackling, all became wavy and hazy, it was as if night had come impenetrably dark.

When I returned to myself, the moon was shining, and a man was bending over me whom I recognized.

"Pedro Ramez!" I cried out.

"I am your man. I arrived in time to see your mule drag you with his reata out of the canyon, to hear your mine explode and to settle your trailer."

"My trailer?" I gasped.

"I was about a mile from here when I saw a man running away from this quarter, coiling up a rope as he ran. I thought it was you; but your mule was braying and tugging at the halter till it pulled it out, thereupon, instead of cutting after the man, he went up to the canyon. I pressed on for I suspected foul play. Up you came at the end of the rope which the nervous movements of the animal above you had swung within your reach. The truth was guessed by me just as the explosion of your mine confirmed it. I wheeled round and ran after the man who possessed my secret.

"I recognized him; He was the scoundrel who entrapped me into the 'viva la compagnie' saloon to cut my throat among his gang, what time you dashed in and snaked me out. He knew that I had given you the placer, I reckon, for he tracked you from the city. He recognized me for he stopped short and said:

"I am gone up!"

"He never spoke truth but once in his life; it was then. I killed the dog. But talk won't heal wounds; you have been struck with flinders of the quartz, and you will need repose. But, as the Peon says: 'wild hoss some, Injin wuss, mule h——' brave old mule!"

"Good old mule!" echoed I.

"Hurry and recruit; but I will help you pack; in two weeks you will be making for a ship home with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of dust in your saddlebags."

I never saw Pedro Ramez since we parted in 'Frisco' but the mule had his feed almost daily from my hand until his death, and he sleeps in my garden under that evergreen.

And now, when you hear the old pioneer of the Golden State envied, tell my little yarn, by way of letting the stay at homes learn that the wheel of fortune runs in some very rough ruts and that a man has often the chance of being crushed by it in picking up the bonanza.

#### POEMS BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The Irish patriot poet, John Boyle O'Reilly, who died in Boston last month, made many warm friends during his lecture tour in the Northwest, from St. Paul to Tacoma, last Winter. In person he was a strikingly handsome man, tall and dark, with brilliant eyes and a face luminous with the thoughts of an active, imaginative brain. He was an admirable conversationalist, always ready with wit and anecdote, and he diffused around him an atmosphere of genial good fellowship. The following poems are selected from two of his published volumes—"Songs from the Southern Seas" and "In Bohemia."

#### A DEAD MAN.

The trapper died—our hero—and we grieved;  
In every heart in camp the sorrow stirred.  
"His soul was red!" the Indian cried, bereaved;  
"A white man, he!" the grim old Yankee's word.  
So, brief and strong, each mourner gave his best—  
How kind he was, how brave, how keen to track;  
And as we laid him by the pines to rest,  
A negro spoke with tears: "His heart was black!"

#### THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I am tired of planning and toiling  
In the crowded hives of men;  
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,  
And spoiling and building again.  
And I long for the dear old river,  
Where I dreamed my youth away;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a toiler dies in a day.  
I am sick of the shadowy seeming  
Of a life that is half a lie;  
Of the faces lined with scheming  
In the tarong that hurries by.  
From the sleepless thought's endeavor,  
I would go where the children play;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity  
For the burdens the rich endure;  
There is nothing sweet in the city  
But the patient lives of the poor.

Oh, the little hands too skilful,  
And the child-mind chokend with weeds!  
The daughter's heart grows wilful,  
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,  
From trophies of mart and stage,  
I would fly to the woods' low rustle  
And the meadows' kindly page.  
Let me dream as of old by the river,  
And be loved for the dream away;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a toiler dies in a day.

#### YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW.

Joys have their stages, Hoping, Having, and Had:  
The hands of Hope are empty, and the heart of Having  
is sad;  
For the joy we take, in the taking dies; and the joy we  
Had is its ghost.  
Now, which is the better—the joy unknown or the joy we  
have clasped and lost?

#### A PASSAGE.

The world was made when a man was born;  
He must taste for himself the forbidden springs,  
He can never take warning from old-fashioned things;  
He must fight as a boy, he must drink as a youth,  
He must kiss, he must love, he must swear to the truth  
Of the friend of his soul, he must laugh to scorn  
The hint of deceit in a woman's eyes  
That are clear as the wells of Paradise.  
And so he goes on, till the world grows old,  
Till his tongue has grown cautious, his heart has grown  
cold,  
Till the smiles leave his mouth, and the ring leaves his  
laugh,  
And he shirks the bright headache you ask him to quaff;  
He grows formal with men, and with women polite;  
And distasteful of both when they're out of his sight;  
Then he eats for his palate, and drinks for his head,  
And loves for his pleasure,—and 'tis time he was dead!

#### DISTANCE.

The world is large, when its weary leagues two loving  
hearts divide;  
But the world is small, when your enemy is loose on the  
other side.

#### NATIVE LAND.

It chanced to me upon a time to sail  
Across the Southern Ocean to and fro;  
And, landing at fair isles, by stream and vale  
Of sensuous blessing did we oftentimes go.  
And months of dreamy joys, like joys in sleep,  
Or like a clear, calm stream o'er mossy stone,  
Unnoted passed our hearts with voiceless sweep,  
And left us yearning still for lands unknown.

And when we found one,—for 'tis soon to find  
In thousand-isled Cathay another isle,—  
For one short noon its treasures filled the mind,  
And then again we yearned, and ceased to smile.  
And so it was from isle to isle we passed,  
Like wanton bees or boys on flowers or lips;  
And when that all was tasted, then at last  
We thirsted still for draughts instead of sips.

I learned from this there is no Southern land  
Can fill with love the hearts of Northern men.  
Sick minds need change; but, when in health they stand  
'Neath foreign skies their love files home again.  
And thus with me it was: the yearning turned  
From laden airs of cinnamon away,  
And stretched far westward, while the full heart burned  
With love for Ireland, looking on Cathay!

My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief!  
My land that has no peer in all the sea  
For verdure, vale, or river, flower or leaf,—  
If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me.  
New loves may come with duties, but the first  
Is deepest yet,—the mother's breath and smiles:  
Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed  
Is my poor land, the Niobe of isles.

#### ADVICE AS TO DIET.

The London correspondent of the *Bury Times* (Lancashire) says that he recently had a chat with an old gentleman about the marvelously sustained powers of Mr. Gladstone. "I think I may fairly claim," said the old gentleman aforesaid, "that Mr. Gladstone owes something of this to me. Some thirteen or fourteen years ago I was at a dinner party—and I, as an old friend of Mr. Gladstone, gave him some advice as to diet, etc. Part of this advice was to take after dinner two glasses of good, well-matured old port. Mr. Gladstone, who was then not in very good health, said he would act on this advice, and has acted on it ever since."





## LAMENT OF A '49er.

You see before you old Tom Moore,  
A relic of former days—  
A bumner, too, they call me now,  
But what do I care for praise?  
Oftentimes I sit and think,  
Oh! often do I pine  
For the days of old, the days of gold,  
The days of '49.

There was "Monte Pete"—I knew him well—  
Oh, luck he always had,  
He'd deal a game by night or day,  
He'd win e'en your last "acad."  
One night a pistol laid him out—  
'Twas his last "layout" in fine—  
For it caught him sore, "dead in the door,"  
In the days of '49.

There was New York Jake, the butcher boy  
Who was always getting tight,  
And when he went upon a spree  
He was spoiling for a fight.  
One night he ran against a knife  
In the hands of old man Kine,  
In a fight with death Jake lost his breath  
In the days of '49.

There was Roaring Ralph—he could outroar  
A buffalo bull, you bet;  
He'd roar all day and roar all night—  
I'll bet he's roaring yet.  
One night he fell into a prospect hole—  
'Twas a "roaring bad design"—  
And in the hole Ralph roared out his soul  
In the days of '49.

## The Chin in Walking.

Mind how you walk. Square your shoulders, expand your chest, and look out for your chin. This is the pivot upon which depends the poise of the machine. Step out easily and firmly, letting the ball of the foot strike the ground first, so that you get the benefit of that beneficent little spring which Dame Nature built into your instep to save the rattle and jar to the whole system, which people who will walk on their heels inflict on their anatomy.—*New York World*.

## Eight Words and All the Letters.

Half a dozen members of the Press Club were discussing the peculiarities of the English language the other evening when Dr. F. E. Rice took the *Argus* to task for printing a paragraph which read as follows: "The following is said to be the shortest sentence in the English language containing all the letters of the alphabet: 'John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite small size.' The entire sentence contains less than twice the number of letters in the alphabet. "That's a good sentence of its kind," said the doctor, "but I think if you will carefully study the sentence, 'Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs,' you will find that it contains less letters than the sentence you published, and yet omits no letter in the alphabet."—*Albany Argus*.

## If Man Must Drink.

If a man must drink, the best thing he can take with his meals is a little claret or light Rhine wine, and if he wants something a little stronger, Scotch whisky with water is the best thing he can have. The habit of taking a drink early in the morning—a cocktail or stimulant of that kind commonly called an eye-opener, is one of the worst things that can be done. The effect of alcohol is to inflame the stomach, and it will do this even when diluted, and will do so a great deal more when taken on an empty stomach early in the morning. The best drink that a man can possibly take is milk. Milk, though, is hardly a drink. One can live longer on it than on any one thing. Milk is more nearly a perfect food than any-

thing; it contains more elements that go to build up the system than any other article. Early in the morning the best drink to take is water. Tea and coffee drunk in moderation will not hurt anybody, although they are both stimulants.—*Medical Record*.

## The Best Cigars Made.

It may be news to some of the swells to know that when they smoke Perfectos and Garcias that cost them twenty-five cents each they are not smoking the best cigars on earth. The price of the better brands of Havana cigars runs up to \$800 a thousand, which means that they are eighty cents each wholesale. After a dealer pays the duties and looks for a fair profit he would not sell a cigar like this for less than \$1.50. Very few of these high-class cigars are sold in America. They are purchased by the howling swells of Europe, princes and kings principally. The Czar of Russia smokes them, a dozen or more a day, and the demand for them is more than the supply. It looks a little singular that the most costly products of the world are sold to the poorest countries, but it is a fact, nevertheless. Americans never tire of talking about their great wealth and progressiveness, but this country offers no market for cigars at \$1.50 each.

## A Modern Need for Sleep.

There is not one man or woman in ten thousand who can afford to do without seven or eight hours sleep. All those stories written about great men and women who slept only three or four hours a night make very interesting reading; but I tell you, my readers, no man or woman ever yet kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours sleep, writes T. Dewitt Talmage in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Americans need more sleep than they are getting. This lack makes them so nervous and the insane asylum so populous. If you can get to bed early, then rise early. If you cannot get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as Christian for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to rise at five. I counsel my readers to get up when they are rested. But let the rousing-bell be rung at least thirty minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulse. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising. Give us time, after you call us, to roll over, gaze at the world full in the face, and look before we leap.

## Wives and Their Incomes.

I am satisfied that if there could come a sudden revelation of all hearts we should be astounded at the amount of soreness and chafing and secret unhappiness which exists beneath a multitude of roofs in the hearts of seemingly happy wives; and which could instantly be removed by the certainty of even a small income which they could call their own. Either a wife should be in the domestic establishment a recognized partner, with the rights of a partner, or she should be a salaried officer, with the rights which that implies. In no case should she be a mendicant. One of the best wives and mothers I ever knew once said to me that she never should consent to the marriage of her daughters without a perfectly definite understanding that whatever money they were to have from their husbands should be paid to them on definite days, as regularly as if it were a salary, without any application on their part. "No man can possibly understand," she said, "how a sensitive woman shrinks from asking for money. If I can help it, my daughters shall never have to ask for it."—*T. W. Higginson*.

## Do You Need a Change?

A well-known medical authority is so strong an advocate of change that he says: "Change your climate if you can; if you cannot do that, change your house; falling your house, change your room, and if not your room then rearrange your furniture." If possible every family should go away once a year for a month's stay under different surroundings; if

this is not possible, changes of a week at a time will probably save you a doctor's bill if you have become "run down" in health.

Make as many expeditions as you can during the summer; go once a week if possible and you will find them more efficacious to build up the strength than any tonic that can be administered. If possible get different food for the family at such times than they are daily accustomed to, even if it is not as delicate. A change of food will often stimulate a jaded appetite. When children or grown people begin to lose their appetite and seem listless, better than a Spring tonic for the blood is a visit at a distance, where there is a complete change of scene and food.—*Detroit Journal*.

## All Spiders are Poisonous.

It is a fact worth knowing that all spiders are poisonous, secreting in their mandibles a venom which, from the effects produced by it, is very likely more powerful, in proportion to its quantity, than that of the cobra di capello or rattlesnake. The most dangerous of spiders are the "black widow" with the red dot on the under side, and its cousin, the "katipo," which often kills human beings in New Zealand by its bite. The common "jumping spider," with the three red spots on its back, that one often sees on sunny walls, is to be avoided; it will jump at you if you point your finger at it and its bite is dangerous. Severe spider bite produces symptoms resembling those of lock jaw. The ordinary "gossamer spider" that one sees floating about in its web on warm Fall days is fond of attaching a thread to the ground and permitting the breeze to blow it off in the air, where it remains suspended at anchor for days at a time, often miles and miles from its place of anchorage. The greatest enemy of the spider is the wasp; but monkeys eat spiders, as do also snakes, turtles, birds and some mice.

## Cultivation of the Affections.

It is a common remark in extenuation of the inconvenience of not having very much money that people of ordinary fortune can eat as much as millionaires; and if we find that we can love as easily and as extensively on small incomes as on greater ones, we may safely consider that we have the better of the rich again. Perhaps we can; wealth offers so many diversions that sometimes the pleasure there is in loving is overlooked. The impression certainly exists that great riches have a tendency to clog the affections, and great inequalities of fortune are a barrier between man and man, not insurmountable but appreciable. Love is personal, and very great possessions almost inevitably throw personal qualities into shadow. We love men for what they are, not what they represent.

We cultivate the muscles because it is fun to use them, and because it brings us the happiness that comes of health. For like reasons we make a business of the cultivation of our minds. How simple it is of us to neglect to the extent that most of us do the systematic cultivation of our hearts.

## Don't Think About Your Health.

Oliver Wendell Holmes in *New York Journal*: If you mean to keep as well as possible, the less you think about your health the better. You know enough not to eat or drink what you have found does not agree with you. You ought to know enough not to expose yourself to needless draughts. If you take a "constitutional," walk with the wind when you can and take a closed car against it if you can get one. Walking against the wind is one of the most dangerous kinds of exposure, if you are sensitive to cold.

But except a few simple rules such as I have just given, let your health take care of itself as long as it behaves decently. If you want to be sure not to reach three score and twenty, get a little box of homoeopathic pellets and a little book of homoeopathic prescriptions. I had a poor friend who fell into that way, and became at last a regular Hahnemannian. He left a box of his little jokers, which at last came into my hands. The poor fellow had cultivated symptoms

as other people cultivate roses of chrysanthemums. What a luxury of choice his imagination presented to him!

When one watches for symptoms every organ in the body is ready to put in its claim. By and by a real illness attacked him, and the box of little pellets was shut up, to minister to his fancied evils no longer.

#### A Prescription for Longevity.

One of my prescriptions for longevity may startle you somewhat. It is this: Become the subject of mortal disease. Let a half dozen doctors thump you, and knead you, and test you in every possible way, and render their verdict that you have an internal complaint; they don't exactly know what it is, but they will certainly kill you by and by. Then bid farewell to the world and shut yourself up for an invalid. If you are threescore years old when you begin this mode of life, you may very probably last twenty years, and there you are,—an octogenarian. In the mean time, your friends outside have been dropping off, one after another, until you find yourself almost alone, nursing your mortal complaint as if it were your baby, hugging it and kept alive by it— if to exist is to live. Who has not seen cases like this—a man or a woman shutting himself or herself up, visited by a doctor or a succession of doctors (I remember that once in my earlier experience, I was the twenty-seventh physician who had been consulted), always taking medicine until everybody was reminded of that impatient speech of a relative of one of these invalid vampires who live on the blood of tired-out attendants: "I do wish she would get well—or something?" Persons who are shut up in that way, confined to their chambers, sometimes to their beds, have a very small amount of vital expenditure, and wear out very little of their living substance. They are like lamps with half their wicks picked down, and will continue to burn when other lamps have used up all their oil. An insurance office might make money by taking no risk except on lives of persons suffering from mortal disease.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes in Atlantic Monthly.*

#### Theory and Practice.

A Christian Scientist, whose time was fully occupied in thinking about the unreality of disease at two dollars per think, once treated a highly unappreciative man for a chronic nervous affection of a very painful character. After this man had depleted his purse by spending \$40 thus, without any improvement, he desired to know when he should begin to get better. Then the Christian Scientist waxed wroth and said: "Oh you of little faith! Know that you would already have been cured, if you had believed me when I told you that your pain was not real. Pain and suffering do not exist; they are merely phantasms of the brain. There is no such thing as matter," continued he, with such emphasis that he rattled some silver dollars in his pocket, "none, whatever, the only real thing is thought. All this is too subtle for your commonplace mind, and hence I can do nothing for you; you had better go and fill your coarse, unappreciative system with drugs." Then a vision of \$40 that had vanished, and of pain that had vanished not, came before the mind of that long-suffering man, and he arose, and took that Christian Scientist, and he mopped the floor with him, smiting him sore upon the head and back, so that, when he was through, congestions, abrasions, contusions, incipient ecchymoses and epistaxis were among the phenomena presented by his Christian countenance. "There is no real suffering," said the unappreciative man, with scorn; "the bruises of your alleged head are entirely hypothetical; the choking I gave you was simply an idea of mine, and a devilish good idea, too; the pain which you feel is merely an intellectual phantasy, and your nose-bleed is only one of the ideal conceptions of the cerebral mass. Believe these things not to exist, and they vanish. Good day, sir." And the patient departed.—*Medical Visitor.*

#### The Melancholy of Old Age.

Oliver Wendell Holmes writes in the *Atlantic Monthly*: I was a little over twenty years old when I wrote the lines which some of you may have met with, for they have been often reprinted:

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

The world was a garden to me then; it is a churchyard now.

"I thought you were one of those who looked upon old age cheerfully, and welcomed it as a season of peace and contented enjoyment."

I am one of those who so regard it. Those are not bitter or scalding tears that fall from my eyes upon "the mossy marbles." The young who left my side early in my life's journey are still with me in the unchanged freshness and beauty of youth. Those who have long kept company with me live on after their seeming departure, were it only by the mere force of habit; their images are all around me, as if every service had been a sensitive film that photographed them; their voices echo about me, as if they had been recorded on those unforgetting cylinders which bring back to us the tones and accents that have imprinted them, as the extinct animals left their tracks on the hardened sands. The melancholy of old age has a divine tenderness in it, which only the sad experience of life can lend a human soul. But there is a lower level—that of tranquil contentment and easy acquiescence in the conditions in which we find ourselves; a lower level, in which old age trudges patiently when not using its wings, I say its wings, for no period of life is so imaginative as that which looks to younger people the most prosaic. The

atmosphere of memory is one in which imagination flies more easily and feels itself more at home than in the thinner ether of youthful anticipation.

#### Building a House.

If I were to build a house, the kitchen and bath room would be uppermost in my mind in regard to convenience and health. The kitchen I would want to have large and high, as the other rooms in the house, with ventilator over the range, and I should want stationary tubs, a nice large sink with waste pipes large enough to carry off all the waste water without clogging up and having to be dug up often to clean them out. Closets for barrels of flour, etc., with a door to put the barrel in and a lid to raise to take out the flour as wanted, are desirable. The bath room should be plenty large to admit a person to get around without hitting the shins on some piece of furniture. The dining room long and wide enough to set a good long table and get around it nicely, but not to accommodate a sofa and two or three rockers to fall over. I do not think the dining room ought to be made for any other purpose than to eat in. There should be two nice sleeping rooms on the first floor. One could be utilized as a sewing room if not needed every day for a sleeping room, but would be a great convenience in case of sickness. I would not have a dead room in the house (or more commonly called parlor only to be used on wedding or funeral occasions). I would pay strict attention to having my own sleeping room light and pleasant, with nice clothes room and closet for medicines, etc. I would have the whole house finished off in hard wood, either oak, chestnut or ash, polished and oiled. The dining-room floor made of Georgia pine, oiled. The front hall should be carpeted.—*Economy.*



IN MINNEAPOLIS.

Interested Lawyer (to Fair Candidate for divorce): "Have you no thought of the hereafter? Don't you believe these differences will be righted in heaven?"  
Fair Candidate: "Oh, I don't anticipate any embarrassment in heaven. I feel perfectly safe about meeting George there."



## WESTERN HUMOR.

## OUR SPECIAL TELEGRAMS.

In all the daily papers we read of silly capers—of capers out by daughters, by husbands, sons and wives, till our once respected journal becomes a record that's diurnal of the follies and the foibles of perverted human lives.

From city, town and village, we get tales of blood and pillage, tales of folks who lose their money or their mental equipoise; of riot, war and arson, or weak, backsliding parson, and rich and racy stories of misfit marriage woes.

Instead of wholesome news you mayhap will peruse a joyous little item from the far-off State of Maine, about a man, though much respected, who grew sad and then dejected and shuffled off his mortal coil by self-inflicted pain.

One ever-present story in the endless category—one that rasps and greatly agitates the tender female mind—is of the wretch who only tarried a week or so when married, then slipped away and left the poor deluded girl behind.

A prize fight gets a column while events sedate and solemn, or words of wondrous wisdom from philosopher and sage, are set up in paragraphs with those dizzy printed laughs that adorn an obscure corner on the patent inside page.

We read from time to time of noble men who climb from their humble sphere in life to the pinnacle of fame, like the rattle-brained galoot in his airy parachute, or the crank who jumps from bridges to perpetuate his name.

All these things combined will tend to shape the mind of growing lads and lassies who read the columns down, and in their young ambition train themselves in prime condition to clothe their souls with glory as their elders won renown.

As a thought rejuvenator, or a public educator, the special telegram may in future take the place of our young idea shooters and high-priced college tutors in the moral elevation of a vaulting human race.

—Charles Dryden in Tacoma Ledger.

## Looking for a Job.

Tramp—"Can you give me a job, mister?"

Farmer—"Well, I dunno. What can you do?"

Tramp—"I've been hiring out all Spring as a patent-seeder."

Farmer—"A patent seeder? What in thunder's that?"

Tramp—"Why, you see, when a man gets as seedy as I am all he has to do is to loaf around a plowed field and it grows up 'thout putting any crop in. Done any Fall plowin' yet?"

## Heaven is His Home.

The following story has leaked out on one of our bunch grass citizens, who recently returned from the East with a wife. We will not give the young man away, however, but we know him to be a rather bashful young man and the "evidence is therefore ferninst him," hence the story can be relied upon. For convenience we will call him Tom. Tom, fresh from the wild and wooly west, evidently much less at home than he would have been on board of a bucking broncho, with well feined modesty, approached his venerable prospective father-in-law on the subject of a union with his daughter.

The old gentleman looked at him for a few minutes and then proceeded to catechise him.

Old Gentleman—"Ever drink any?"

'Don't care if—' was on Tom's lips in an instant and about half way out of his mouth, he very naturally thinking that the old gentleman was going to treat him to a smile, but catching on immediately he promptly replied, "No sir."

"Stay out nights," continued the old gentleman.

"Never," said Tom, as he squirted a half pint of tobacco juice into the ear of the old Tom cat which was curled up on the hearth.

"Use tobacco?"

"Naw," said Tom as he handed the old man a dirty little piece of licorice which as good luck would have it, he had had in his pocket for the past three months.

(Abstractedly) "Nor use profane language?"

"Not I."

The old gentleman was evidently disappointed, for with a sigh he slowly shook his head and gazed into space, and almost inaudibly remarked: "You're but a stranger here, heaven is your home. My daughter is not an angel yet."—*Puyallup Commerce*.

## Advice to a Pretty but Quite Poor Girl.

A young girl writes to ask "If you were a pretty girl, but quite poor, and a man forty years your senior, but healthy, wealthy and wise, wanted to marry you what would you do?" and the conundrum editor has written the young lady to say:

"My Dear Confiding Pretty Girl—I am getting along in years myself, but to save my soul I don't know why I wouldn't make as good or better a husband for a pretty girl as any whipper-snapper of a little dude this side of the jasper gates, and if I were 'healthy, wealthy and wise,' as you claim that your ancient admirer is, I would be all the better. You won't ever catch me going back on the silver-grays in matters of this kind, and I verily believe that it is 'better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave.' Still, however, if you are not possessed of a high regard for the old man and are thinking of marriage with the idea of outliving him and then enjoying his fortune with the true idol of your heart, don't you do it. A man who has turned the shady side of fifty and who is possessed of the fancy to marry a young and pretty girl is apt to cling to life like a toad, even after things have petrified all around him. You have doubtless heard of toads which have been hammered out of a solid rock, where, according to the best geological authority, they must have been encased ever since Mount Baker was a hole in the ground and Dr. Mary Walker was a little girl with normal clothes on. Besides, the chances are that if your idol comes fooling around while the old man is alive he is liable to get shattered with a double gun, for an affectionate but elderly man can take a given quantity of powder and shot and the average breech-loader, and shoot just as hard as if he were no older than the idol of your soul. The best way, however, in the whole matter is to be honest with yourself. If your idol is poor and has no real estate, and you think you would rather wash his clothes and try to keep up with his shortcomings and overlook them, if you are tall enough, just for the sake of loving him, then you had better return to your idol and let the old man go on his journey to the grave, spending his own money in his own way without your able-bodied help."

That pretty girl has long since received and read that letter, and as she has made no response, the conundrum editor is inclined to think that the young dude's name is Dennis.—*Fairhaven Herald*.

## A Rare Chance.

The following advertisement, says the Chicago Indicator, appeared in the Tribune of this city:

WANTED—A Christian man who has had experience in real estate office to make sales, execute deeds and contracts; must have good address and be a good penman; good salary for first-class man. Address K 169, Tribune office.

We publish the advertisement for it seems as though it specially appealed to piano men. We don't know of any other branch of business where the members are so universally Christian as in the music trade. There seems to be something specially religious in the atmosphere that surrounds the business and if any of the boys ever do chew gum or smoke cigarettes or say "Gosh!" or do any other real wicked thing, it is merely while laboring under temporary insanity brought on by efforts to raise the price of an old square and lower the price of a new upright and still make the net amount the same as before.

We hadn't supposed that the real estate business, particularly in Chicago, was permeated with any great surplus of religion; we didn't think it was saturated with piety, so to speak, but as a religious journal the Indicator rejoices at this evidence of regeneration. Probably in following the price of real estate the dealers got their attention fixed on "higher"

things, and the price having gone higher they realize that nobody can take it except one accustomed to speaking about heaven.

It will be very pleasant under the order of things to hear "a Christian man who has had experience in real estate office" (paradoxical idea), pointing out to an intending purchaser the beauty of a humble, earnest, Christian life and the absolute certainty of a rapid increase in value in that acre property at Three Hundredth Street. We may suppose him to say: "Dear brother, have you found that peace and comfort which the world cannot give? If you have, I will show you some down-town property on the price of which you can almost climb to your eternal home; if you are still wandering in the devious ways of the world I would like to show you something about eighteen miles out—just a nice walking distance—where you can fill in your time and your lots and labor and wait and fit yourself for glory—for the hereafter—for 1893. Let us sing the first, third and fifth stanzas of that dear old hymn beginning:

I would not live away,  
But only to see  
A chance to unload again  
In '93.

"And now, dear brother, if you will come with me away from this madding crowd, away from the vile world, I will put you on the track of a deal that will knock the socks off from anything as a sure winner; only one-third down, balance at your own time, six per cent. While I think of it, I hope you will attend the noon prayer-meeting of the real estate board at twelve sharp. We are through at one o'clock exactly, for we commence to skin each other at one, and it would be awkward and inappropriate to mix the two services. Do come. It will do you—it will do you good. If you have any Wisconsin land you want to trade for equities, just let me know. In that case we may do somebody else."

## AN ASTONISHING SIGHT.

L. A. Sanctuary, G. W. Parks, M. and A. Abraham, C. L. Hadley and C. Merton returned lately from their hunting and fishing expedition in the Coast Range, says the Roxbury *Platdealer*. They make a report of the astonishing discovery of a hole in the ground one-half by one and one-half miles in extent, or thereabouts, where last year stood a noble mountain nearly one thousand feet high.

At the foot of this mountain was located Cedar Lake, a small but exceedingly transparent body of water, which is now no more, the bottom having been forced up when the mountain went down, and the water all spilled out. The mountain is now an island, as it were, surrounded by almost perpendicular walls of rock, about 100 feet in height. The theory of the discoverers is that the mountain was located over a vast cave, and that the weight of the heavy snows last winter crushed it in. The noise made by the sinking mass of rocks and dirt and trees was heard several miles away, but the parties did not know until recently what caused it. The lake cannot be shown in corroboration of this story, as it has disappeared, but the hole is still there with the mountain in it, and may be viewed by doubting. Thomases who will take the trouble to visit it. It is a sight well worth going miles to see. It is about three miles from Laird's, on the Coos Bay wagon road.

At Mr. Rockefeller's splendid estate on the Hudson River a system of electric lighting costing over \$150,000 has been installed. He can now, by moving a small button in his library, illuminate acres of his beautiful grounds at midnight, if he pleases. The wires are all carried under the sod and out of sight, and the lights are arranged in a wonderfully artistic fashion in the trees and foliage. Such a fortune as that expended in electricity, and in lighting a country place, is unprecedented in history. Even the new roof in Blenheim Palace, about which everybody in England has been talking, cost less than \$100,000.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

## A Persuasive Current.

The electric battery has superseded the hose and cold water treatment for taming refractory prisoners in the Ohio Penitentiary. It is reported to be very efficacious.

## A Question of the Conservation of Energy.

A correspondent writes: "It is a well known law that energy is indestructible, but a case came to my notice a short time ago in which it is hard to tell in what form the energy appears. A metal spring is placed under tension, and while in this state is fastened and placed in acid until it is completely dissolved. What becomes of the energy stored up in the spring? Is it turned into heat, and, if so, how?"—*New Orleans Picayune*.

## Shamoy Leather.

Shamoy or wash leather, properly chamois leather, is so called because originally and when of the best quality it was made from the chamois or wild goat inhabiting the Alps and Pyrenees. It is now made chiefly from the skin of deer, goats and sheep. It is essentially distinguished from other kinds of leather in being dressed with oil without salt, alum or tan, and in the grain being taken off. The skins are brought to a state of pelt by liming and washing. The buff color is imparted by dipping into gamboge, not to tan, but to dye them.

## Luminous Paint.

Until now the commercial manufacture of luminous paint has been confined to England. Enormous cost seems to have prevented the use of the paint, except as a curiosity, and it is fortunate that a firm in Austria has found means to produce it and place it on the market at about one-sixth of the English price. Whenever it can absorb light during the day it will give it forth at night, and it is said that a railway car in England, which has had its ceiling painted with it, was so brilliantly illuminated that one could see it during the darkest night without any other light.

## Sealed Oysters.

There is a new and ingenious device for keeping oysters good in the shell for several weeks after they have been taken from the water. Hitherto this has been done unsatisfactorily by boring holes through the edges of the shells and locking in the oysters with bits of twisted wire. By the new scheme the edges of the shells are dipped into plaster of Paris mixed with certain chemicals and make it harden quickly. In a few minutes the oyster is hermetically sealed, and so strong is the cement that not even the most muscular mollusk can manage to get a breath of fresh air after having been subjected to this process.

## Diamonds from the Skies.

It is one of the most singular facts in scientific history that while meteoric stones have fallen to the earth in every age and country, yet it is only within the past hundred years that men of science have convinced themselves that such a thing is really possible. Meteors are simply part of the forage of space that the earth gathers as it rushes along with the sun. They bring us strange things—iron in a condition which we cannot produce upon the earth, nickel and more than twenty other known substances, including carbon, which in one instance at least appears in the form of minute diamonds.—*San Francisco Echo*.

## Diet of Old People.

As we increase in age—when we have spent, say, our first half-century—less energy and activity remain, and less expenditure can be made; less power to eliminate is possible at fifty than at thirty, still less at sixty and upward. Less nutriment, therefore,

says Sir Henry Thompson, must be taken in proportion as age advances, or rather as activity diminishes, or the individual will suffer: If he continue to consume the same abundant breakfast, substantial lunches, and heavy dinners which at the summit of his power he could dispose of almost with impunity, he will in time certainly, either accumulate fat, or become acquainted with gout or rheumatism, or show signs of unhealthy deposit of some kind in some part of the body—processes which must inevitably poison, undermine or shorten his remaining term of life. He must reduce his "intake," because a small expenditure is an enforced condition of existence.—*New York Ledger*.

## If You Must Drink.

If a man must drink the best thing he can take with his meals is a little claret or light Rhine wine, and if he wants something a little stronger, Scotch whisky with water is the best thing he can have. The habit of taking a drink early in the morning—a cocktail or stimulant of that kind commonly called an eye-opener, is one of the worst things that can be done. The effect of alcohol is to inflame the stomach, and it will do this even when diluted, and will do so greatly more when taken on an empty stomach early in the morning. The best drink that a man can possibly take is milk. Milk, though, is hardly a drink. One can live longer on it than on any one thing. Milk is more nearly a perfect food than anything. It contains more elements that go to build up the system than any other article. Early in the morning the best drink to take is water. Tea and coffee drunk in moderation will not hurt anybody, although they are both stimulants.—*Medical Record*.

## Medicine in Vegetables.

The *New York Herald* says the following information may be useful to some at this season of the year, if not new to many: Spinach has a direct effect upon the kidneys. A common dandelion used as greens is excellent for the same trouble. Asparagus purges the blood. Celery acts admirably upon the nervous system and is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. Tomatoes act upon the liver. Beets and turnips are excellent appetizers. Lettuce and cucumbers are cooling in their effects upon the system. Onions, garlic, leeks, olive, and shallots, all of which are similar, possess medicinal virtue of a marked character, stimulating the circulatory system, and the consequent increase in the saliva and the gastric juice, promoting digestion. Red onions are an excellent diuretic, and the white ones are recommended to be eaten raw as a remedy for insomnia. A soup made from onions is regarded by the French as an excellent restorative in debility of the digestive organs.

## "Mud Balls" From the Skies.

In the vicinity of Sanborn, during a recent storm, there fell with the hail a shower of what was described by the *Enterprise* as "mud balls." The *Enterprise* now admits its error in thus naming the phenomena from the mere coating of soil which they assumed as they struck the earth, and goes on to say: Our friend, Emil Djuberg, has kindly presented to us a handful of these stones, evidently of meteoric origin. They range in size from a small pea to an inch in diameter, and in appearance resemble iron bullets, only that they have an irregular surface very much like that of a sycamore ball. Our theory is that an aerolite or meteoric stone in a semi molten state was precipitated into the storm cloud, and at the moment of contact an explosion occurred, scattering the aerolite into fragments, which being instantly cooled, gave them the spherical form as of molten iron dropped into water. So far as we have been able to definitely trace it the phenomenon is confined to one section, or more accurately, to a quarter section of land, although rumor has it that other places in the storm's path received a shower of this novel "hail." On the farm of Alfred Anderson the morning after the storm, the ground was covered with these ex-

traordinary and mysterious arrivals from space, the lighter ones lying on surface, the heavier ones imbedded an inch or two in the plowed ground, the holes indicating where they were to be found, a dozen or more in a space of a foot square. On breaking one open a small, hard centre is found to be the nucleus upon which the outer portion has been deposited or formed, the whole, in substance and weight, resembling iron-ore.

## City and Country.

There is practically no disease, with the exception of typhoid and malarial fevers, which does not claim a larger number of deaths in the large cities than in the country (i. e., smaller towns, villages, and sparsely settled regions). Take consumption, for instance, and diseases of the nervous system. Out of every 100,000 of population in rural districts, 160 persons die of consumption. In diseases of the nervous system the figures are respectively 225 for the city and 150 for the country. These data give a very good general idea of the increased risk of living in large cities. In reality, probably very few people are acquainted with these facts, or if they are, very few would be influenced by them in the choice of a home. And yet, when we take up our abode in a great city like New York, how deliberately we increase the number of factors which are constantly conspiring to shorten our lives. We nearly double our chance of dying of consumption, and increase by seventy-five per cent. the likelihood of acquiring some fatal nervous disorder. It would prove interesting reading if the intricate web of causes which produce such results could be unraveled—whether of poverty or tenement-crowding, alcoholism, dissipation, the excitement of speculation or business reverses, and to each its position of relative importance could be assigned.

## Value of Soap for the Face.

I went once to a doctor to consult him about a slight eruption on my face, and what do you think he told me? That it was probably owing to dirt! I dirty, with my cool baths in the morning! I was furious, but when he explained himself I was forced to acknowledge that he might be right. He said: "In the first place, a good many people do not use soap on their faces, claiming that it injures the skin. Now, soap is absolutely necessary to remove the exudations of the skin, and the face certainly has more of these than the hands, and good castile soap will not hurt any face. Then most of you fill a basin with water, soap yourself, wash and rinse in it. Why, don't you see you are washing in the dirt you try to remove? And very little of it does come off, but, mingled with soapsuds, stays on to dry and irritate the skin. The way to do is to soap and wash yourself in the first basinful, rinse out your washrag, then in a fresh basinful wash without soap and rinse in still a third water. By this time you will be really clean. Clothes are never fresh and white, no matter how well washed, if they are not rinsed. Better one such washing a day than half a dozen smears. And never wash just before being exposed to the air."

I went home and thought the matter over. The advice was all I had for my three dollar visit, and I finally concluded that I might as well take it. In a week there was a decided difference, and people began to remark the improvement in my complexion. The first few trials left me as if I had been flayed, but the skin gradually gained the silky texture peculiar to babies. I told a number of women of this simple remedy, and it never failed in any case to do good.—*Interview in New York Herald*.

The sweat-bands of hats may contain even twenty-eight per cent. of fatty acids, which in Summer may penetrate into the forehead and cause inflammation and deeply corrode the skin. To prevent this effect, it is advisable to rub the hat-band with burnt magnesina every little while, so as to leave a small film on the leather, wiping it off with a cloth before using again.



## OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN.

### A Handsome and Prosperous City Based Almost Wholly on Manufactures.

This little city of Oshkosh, with its 24 000 inhabitants, built on both sides of the Fox River, where that stream flows into Lake Winnebago, offers an exceedingly interesting study to people who are seeking to develop manufacturing industries in newer regions further west. It is a bright example of complete success in establishing general manufacturing in a Western town, without water-power or any very marked advantages in location in reference to a supply of raw material or fuel. It is also a bright example of comfortable conditions of living for a large industrial population, far surpassing in this respect the manufacturing centers of New England. Oshkosh is just as essentially a manufacturing town as Lowell, or Manchester, or Fall River. Without the factories it might have two or three thousand people, sustained by country trade and the usual business of the county-seat of an agricultural county. All the rest of its present population are supported directly or indirectly by making something with machinery or with the hands, the market for which is found near and far, throughout the West and to some extent in the East.

I think that the success of the place as a busy center of constantly expanding industrial movement may be attributed to four causes—first, the creation and constant fostering of a public sentiment in favor of manufactures; second, favorable conditions for economical and pleasant living for mechanics and operatives; third the possession of large tracts of level ground fronting on the river and easy of access to railroads, which were offered at small price or no price for sites for factories—just such low ground as St. Paul possesses along the Mississippi and makes no use of; and fourth the nearness of the Wisconsin forests of pine and hard woods. I put the neighboring forest belt last because this is an advantage equally enjoyed by many other towns which make but a comparatively small showing of manufacturing enterprises. Evidently the other three conditions have been of more importance.

Oshkosh started as a saw-mill village. The Wolf River drained some of the very best pine districts in Northern Wisconsin. This river flows into Poygan Lake and the Fox flows into the channel between that lake and the smaller lakes of Winneconen and Butte des Morts, close to the town, and thence into Lake Winnebago. The outlet to Lake Winnebago is also called the Fox. Down the Wolf River the logs were run at an early day in the settlement of Wisconsin to the saw mills of Oshkosh. The State, and afterwards the United States, opened and maintained navigation by a canal around the rapids on the Lower Fox, so there was an outlet by water to Lake Michigan by way of Green Bay. The era of railroads soon came to make this water way of comparatively small commercial importance but it is still kept open and plays some part as a regulator of the rates on coal and other heavy freight. When the railroads came Oshkosh found itself in an excellent situation

for shipping lumber to the prairies of Southern Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois. At one time it was probably next to Saginaw, the largest original lumber market in the country. As pine logs grew scarcer the people turned their attention to making their lumber product up into sash, doors, blinds, and other articles for which it is served as raw material. The pine has held out much better than was expected twenty years ago and still more than supplies all the needs of the many industries in Oshkosh which use it as their chief material, leaving a surplus to ship in the form of lumber, but the place no longer ranks high as a lumber town. This is fortunate for its prosperity, for the more complicated forms of industry employ a far greater number of work people than could possibly be engaged in the rafting and sawing of logs, and the lumbering village has grown by the change into a remarkably attractive manufacturing city. Success in various lines of wood manufacturing

live upon little, narrow strips of ground. The original dwelling lots in Oshkosh were of large size and when more ground was needed for the growing town the adjacent farms were converted into lots of the same generous dimensions, so that now even the operative in the factories has his shade trees, his lawn and flower beds and his bit of a vegetable garden. There are no tenement rows. Every family has a house and every house has a yard and a little garden patch. What a vast aggregate of comfort and cleanly, wholesome living comes from this condition over that prevailing in most factory towns! How fortunate the lot of the laboring man and his wife and children who can sit under their own shade trees of Summer evenings and breathe the odors of their own flowers, when compared with that of people crowded in dirty tenement rows on noisome alleys!

Every street except the business part of Main Street is well shaded with maples, oaks and elms; lawns are clipped and watered and everybody cultivates flowers. In the districts where the working people live, cabbages, potatoes and corn share the ground with sunflowers, pinks and hollyhocks. There are few dwellings notable for their cost, but there are many hundreds of houses of no special pretensions that are good to look upon, with their pretty lawns and their suggestions of a refined and cosy home life. Churches abound—there are twenty-five of them; the school-houses are rather old-fashioned in their architecture, but are numerous and commodious and have ample shady play grounds; a State Normal School, standing in a handsome park, provides for higher education; the Government has erected a dignified structure for its post office and courts and the municipality carries on its business in an imposing city hall. There are no tall business blocks—in fact there are few higher than two stories. The public sentiment of the city favors putting surplus money into manufactures instead of into costly and monumental business edifices. Besides the Government building, the court house, the city hall and the new hotel there is really nothing in the way of business architecture to attract attention by reason of dimensions or cost. Main Street is, however, a lively thoroughfare, well-paved, traversed by a street railroad and well built with brick stores, with here and there a stone faced



U. S. GOVERNMENT BUILDING, OSHKOSH, WIS.

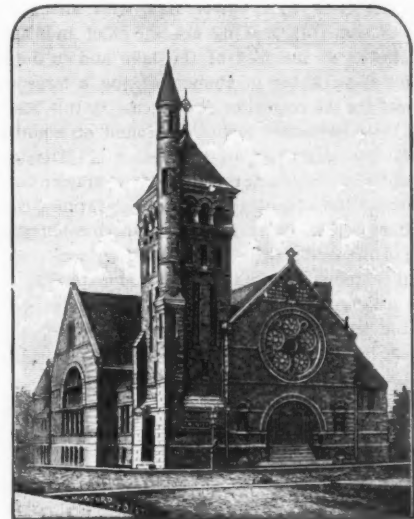
attracted other forms of industry. The stretches of low, wet ground along both sides of the river, which pushed the original town back from the shores, proved in time to be a great benefit, for when sites were wanted for factories, this ground, easily filled up with saw-mill refuse and of no value for general building purposes, was just the thing needed. The manufacturing district thus grew up in the heart of the town, on the water front, where the workmen could walk to and from their homes in a few minutes, and its area was ample for all prospective factory uses, for lumber yards and for the tracks, switches and freight depots of all the railroads that came to the place.

I think it was also a fortunate circumstance that Oshkosh was platted before the days of modern greed and speculation in town sites, when acres are cut up into forty foot and twenty-five foot lots and people, even in suburbs and villages are forced to

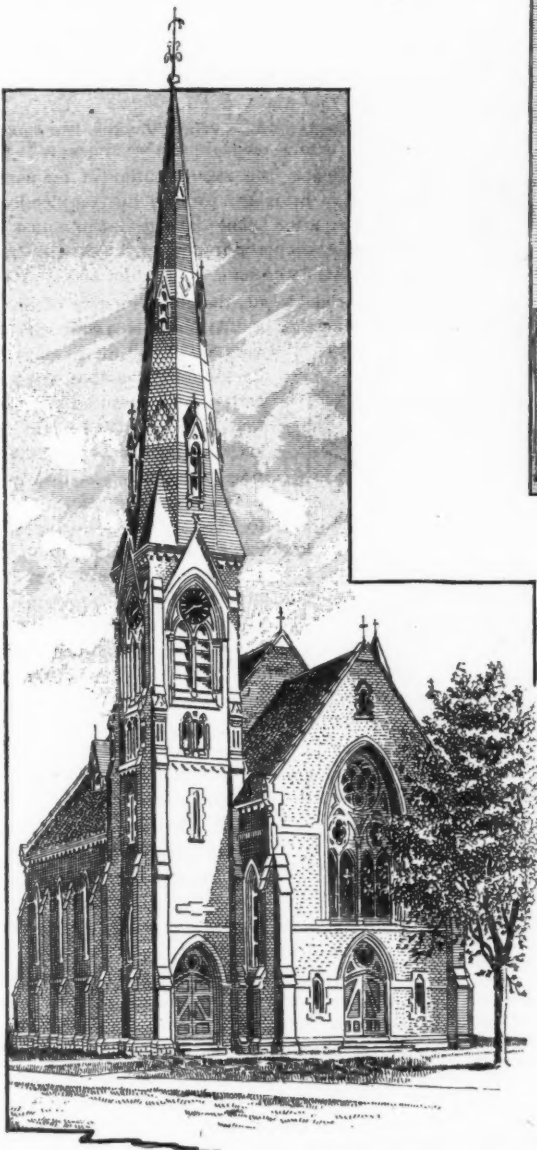
structure. It crosses the river on a steel bridge and runs far out through South Oshkosh at its southern end, while its northern end merges into a country road that leads to the big State Hospital for the Insane four miles distant. The east and west streets all end on the east on the beach of Lake Winnebago. This lake is thirty-two miles long and twelve miles wide and when high winds blow it gets up a very lively sea. Steamboats navigate it and lazy sail craft, laden with lumber or lime, add much to its picturesque-ness. Its shores are lined with handsome farms. Let us now look at the character of the manufacturing industries of Oshkosh. I shall not attempt to make a directory of all the establishments, but only to indicate the chief lines of successful production. Of first importance is the making of sash, doors and blinds. There are seven factories of this character and all except one begin with the log. Probably furniture making ranks next in the number of hands

employed and the magnitude of its output. There are four factories in this line. The woods used are oak, birch, maple, ash and basswood. There are six carriage and wagon factories. For wagon material Wisconsin furnishes excellent oak, but all the wood used in carriages, the hickory for the spokes and the whitewood for the bodies, comes from Indiana. Six foundry and machine shops, the boiler factory and a factory making locks are the concerns using steel and iron for their chief raw material. Two factories for making loggers' tools are among the most prosperous concerns in the place, having the whole country for a market. A match factory, carrying the name of Oshkosh matches throughout the land, is one of the largest of its class in existence. It belongs to the big Diamond match trust. A second factory is soon to be built by another company and this will use a machine now nearly perfected which takes the pine block and turns out the finished matches all packed in boxes ready for use. Going on with the list we find four breweries, three flouring mills, two feed mills, two trunk factories, a mattress factory, an upholstering factory, a refrigerator factory, a creamery, a cheese box factory and a half dozen cigar factories. The lime making industry is of special importance. Two concerns are engaged in it, procuring their limestone at Clifton, on the opposite shore of Lake Winnebago, where it is found in immense deposits and of a quality nowhere surpassed, and shipping their product in all directions. One of these concerns recently filled a contract with the Government at Fort Assiniboine, Montana, and shipped a heavy consignment to Tacoma, Washington.

The total number of working people employed in the Oshkosh factories is about 4,500. Making due allowance for the women and boys it is fair to say that each of these employees supports one other person and therefore that not less than 9,000 of the population of the city are directly dependent on the manufacturing industries. The number indirectly maintained by those industries cannot be much less, if we include all the small tradespeople, and mechanics, the loggers whose families live here, the men employed in the freight yards and a multitude of other people whose living comes from the presence of the army of operatives. The city's population is very much mixed as to national origin. The German element next to the American is the strongest, having on the south side almost a city of its own, with a big Turner Hall for a rallying place. There are many Scandinavians, Bohemians, Poles and Canadian French and no small number of Irish. Probably these foreign elements if lumped together would outnumber those of American stock. All get along together harmoniously, save for the squabbles of local politics, and the young generation, under the influence of the public schools, is fast becoming Americanized.



TRINITY (EPISCOPAL) CHURCH, OSHKOSH.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OSHKOSH.



CITY HALL, OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN.

Nearly all the railroad companies operating in Eastern Wisconsin have lines through or to Oshkosh. The Northwestern was the pioneer road and has lines both south and north. The Wisconsin Central runs its main Chicago and St. Paul line through the heart of the city and has two passenger stations, one on each side of the river. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul throws a line in from the west and the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western one from the north. Oshkosh is a great freight producer. Its many factories make goods of weight and bulk and it loads thousands of freight cars annually, destined to almost every State in the Union. Its railway facilities are all that could be desired, both for competition and for local facilities and conveniences for both passenger and freight service. Street transit is provided by horse cars running on four lines. Electric lines have not yet been introduced. Passenger steamboats run up the Fox

and Wolf rivers and up and down Lake Winnebago, affording delightful Summer excursions. The favorite Summer resorts near at hand are Oakwood, on Lake Butte des Morts, Placenza, on Lake Winneconne, and Paukatuck and Stony Beach, on Lake Winnebago. A number of wealthy people own cottages at Island Park, a beautiful elm shaded little island, with an area of about ten acres, which lies in Lake Winnebago a few hundred rods from the shore. There are 550 elm trees on this verdant isle and the surface is divided into just twenty-six cottage lots. The residents have their stables on the adjacent main-land so that no unwelcome odors may mar the purity of the cool breezes.

This Lake Winnebago and Fox River region is a great hive of manufacturing industries. At the head of the lake is Fond du Lac, with about 10,000 people, then comes Oshkosh, with 24,000 (the citizens thought they had 30,000 till the census man got in his deadly work;) at the foot of the lake are the twin towns of Neenah and Menasha, adjoining each other on an island and each straddling one of the outlets of the lake, and they count some 6,000 each; ten miles down the river is Appleton, with 10,000, ten miles further down comes Katauna, with 7,000, and



then, not counting several new water-power villages, the list ends with Green Bay, with about 8,000. Paper and pulp making are the chief industries of the towns at the foot of the lake and on the river. Good clean water in abundance and a large water-power are the requisites for success in this business. All these important towns are found on a north and south line only about sixty miles long. They are all essentially manufacturing in their character but they all enjoy the advantage of a very rich farming country at their doors. It is, in fact, a superb country pleasing to the eyes, with its undulating, verdant contours, its elms and oaks and maples along the roadsides, in clumps in the fields and in small stretches of forest, its well-tilled farms, its numerous water-courses and its general air of quiet and permanent prosperity.

E. V. S.

### OSHKOSH BUSINESS INTERESTS.

#### THE COOK & BROWN LIME CO.

One of the best illustrations of the sound growth and development of the manufacturing industries of Oshkosh is afforded by the Cook & Brown Lime Company, a sketch of whose plants appears elsewhere in this issue. They commenced business away back in 1860 and it is due to the present able management that the business of manufacturing white lime brick and drain tile has grown to be the most extensive in the Northwest. They have a capital stock of \$180,000, all paid in, a monthly payroll of over \$8,000 and they do an annual business of more than \$400,000. From their large distributing house in Chicago they supply the South and Southwest and they are one of the largest stockholders in the Northwestern Lime Company of St. Paul. Our artist has given a faithful sketch of their different plants, two being situated on the east shore of Lake Winnebago and one at Grum, while the main office of the company is at Oshkosh. Their sales cover the territory from Indiana on the east to Puget Sound on the west.

#### BANDEROB & CHASE.

This is one of the heaviest manufacturing firms of furniture in Oshkosh. Their plant, a sketch of which appears in this issue, fronts on Ceape Street and extends back to the river. They employ 135 people in their works and pay out more than \$50,000 annually in salaries. They make a specialty of medium and cheap grades of furniture that find ready sale all through the West and South.

#### THE BUCKSTAFF-EDWARDS CO.

This company commenced business eight years ago and in the Fall of 1889 was incorporated under the present name with a capital stock of \$250,000. Their plant covers five acres of space and is well supplied with side track facilities from the C & N. W. Railroad. They give employment to 500 persons, 200 of whom are engaged on piece work outside the factory. Their lumber supply comes principally from their own mill at Tageron, on the Lake Shore road. From the factory at Oshkosh they cover the States of Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota and the country tributary to the Northern Pacific, while the country south and southwest is supplied from the branch houses at Lincoln, Nebraska, and Kansas City, Mo.

#### HICKS LOCK CO.

The demand of the age is for simplicity of construction, effectiveness and durability of the working parts, combined with the utmost security in the locking device. It is confidently asserted that all these have been attained in the Hicks Cylindrical Door Lock and Cabinet Lock, the large works of which are located on High Street, numbers 449 to 463, Oshkosh. S. J. and J. W. Hicks are the patentees and have associated with them many of the best known and enterprising men in Oshkosh. The works were started in January, 1889, with a paid up capital stock of \$100,000, and it requires seventy-five men, mostly skilled artisans, to manufacture the present output. The bulk of their business is done from their Chicago house, from which representatives visit every large city in the United States.

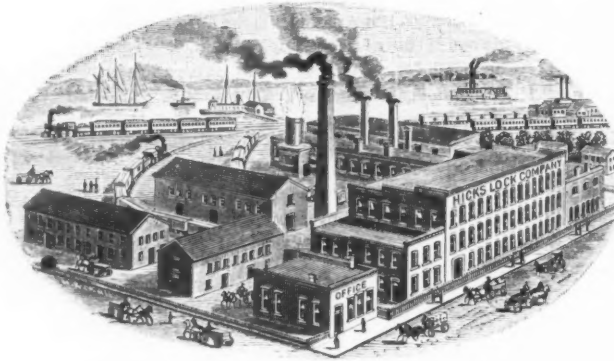
WM. J. KELLEY—MANUFACTURING JEWELER.

Anyone who has ever visited Oshkosh has not failed to

notice the exceptionally attractive jewelry store at the corner of Main and Washington streets, nor will they fail to recognize the interior engraving of it that appears among the Oshkosh illustrations in this issue of the NORTHWEST MAGAZINE. Both the size and variety of Mr. Kelley's stock would do credit to a much larger city than Oshkosh, but as it is he has built up a reputation that reaches into the tributary towns, among those residents he is known as the "Tiffany of Wisconsin."

ROBERT BRAND.

Among the Oshkosh sketches appearing in this issue will be noticed one of a sailboat owned by Mr. Hiler H. Horton, of St. Paul, that was built by Robert Brand of



WORKS OF THE HICKS LOCK CO., OSHKOSH.

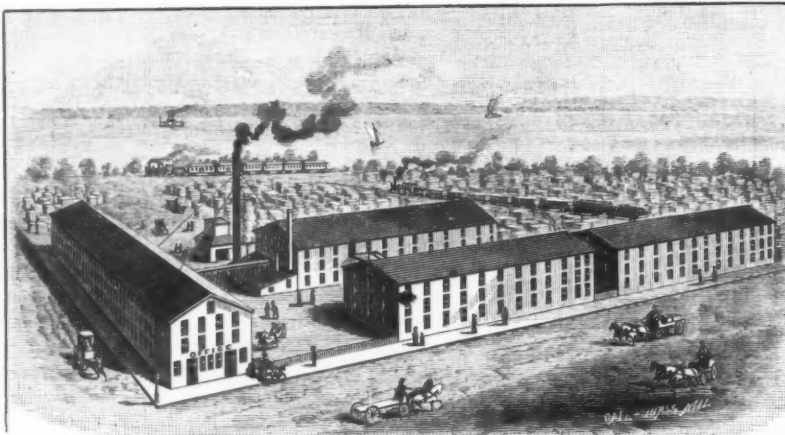
Oshkosh. Mr. Brand has won a wide and enviable reputation as a practical boat builder but that is only one branch of his business. The others include the manufacture of store, office and bank interior furnishings where scroll sawing and carving of a high order is required. He is an expert in designing any kind of water craft from an ordinary row boat to a steam yacht and personally supervises the workmanship of every boat that leaves his factory. Persons desiring anything in the line of lake or river craft would do well to correspond with him at Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

#### THE TREMONT HOUSE.

Since W. H. Englebright leased the Tremont House it has become one of the most popular among the hotels in the smaller cities of Wisconsin. Quite a sum of money has been expended in refitting and furnishing and guests can always feel sure that the table is supplied with the best the market affords.

#### THE MORGAN MATTRESS CO.

This is the name of an industry that, though young,



PLANT OF THE BUCKSTAFF-EDWARDS CO., OSHKOSH.

has already taken a leading position among the large manufacturing institutions of the city. Being closely allied to the furniture business the growth and development of the two go hand in hand and each finds market for its product in the same territory. The management of the Morgan Mattress Company is in the hands of two bright and active young men who will not lose a point in placing it among the largest and best known factories of the kind in this country. The sketch of their plant that appears in this issue of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE shows the extent of their works now, but the rapidity with which the business is developing demands much larger space in the very near future, for which plans are now being prepared.

### PROCTOR KNOTT AT DULUTH.

A little less than twenty years ago, by one of those singular accidents which so frequently influence the destinies of men, my humble name became indissolubly associated with that of your splendid young city. From that day to this I have rarely, if ever, been introduced to a stranger who did not immediately make some pleasant allusion to Duluth; and it is perhaps not too much to say that its most enthusiastic inhabitant has not watched its amazing progress with a profounder personal interest, or marked its marvelous prosperity with a more exultant pleasure than I have myself. [Applause.]

It requires no very extraordinary acquaintance with human nature to understand why such a sentiment on my part should not only be natural but inevitable. I have never been vain enough to suppose that anything I might do would be worthy of "the stamp and esteem of ages," nor have I ever vexed my soul with the vain ambition to have my name sounded along the corridors of coming time, when I knew that "circumstances beyond my control would render it impossible" for me to be there to hear it. On the contrary, I have always been one of those serene, practical philosophers who "prefer a bird on toast to a whole covey in the bush." [Laughter.]

Posthumous renown has always seemed to me a good deal like owning a diamond mine on the far side of the moon. Nevertheless, I cannot be unmindful of the fact that the capricious goddess frequently withholds the gilded chaplet from the outstretched hand of the faithful toiler who has nobly earned it, while with prodigal partiality she decks the brow of the least deserving—that even

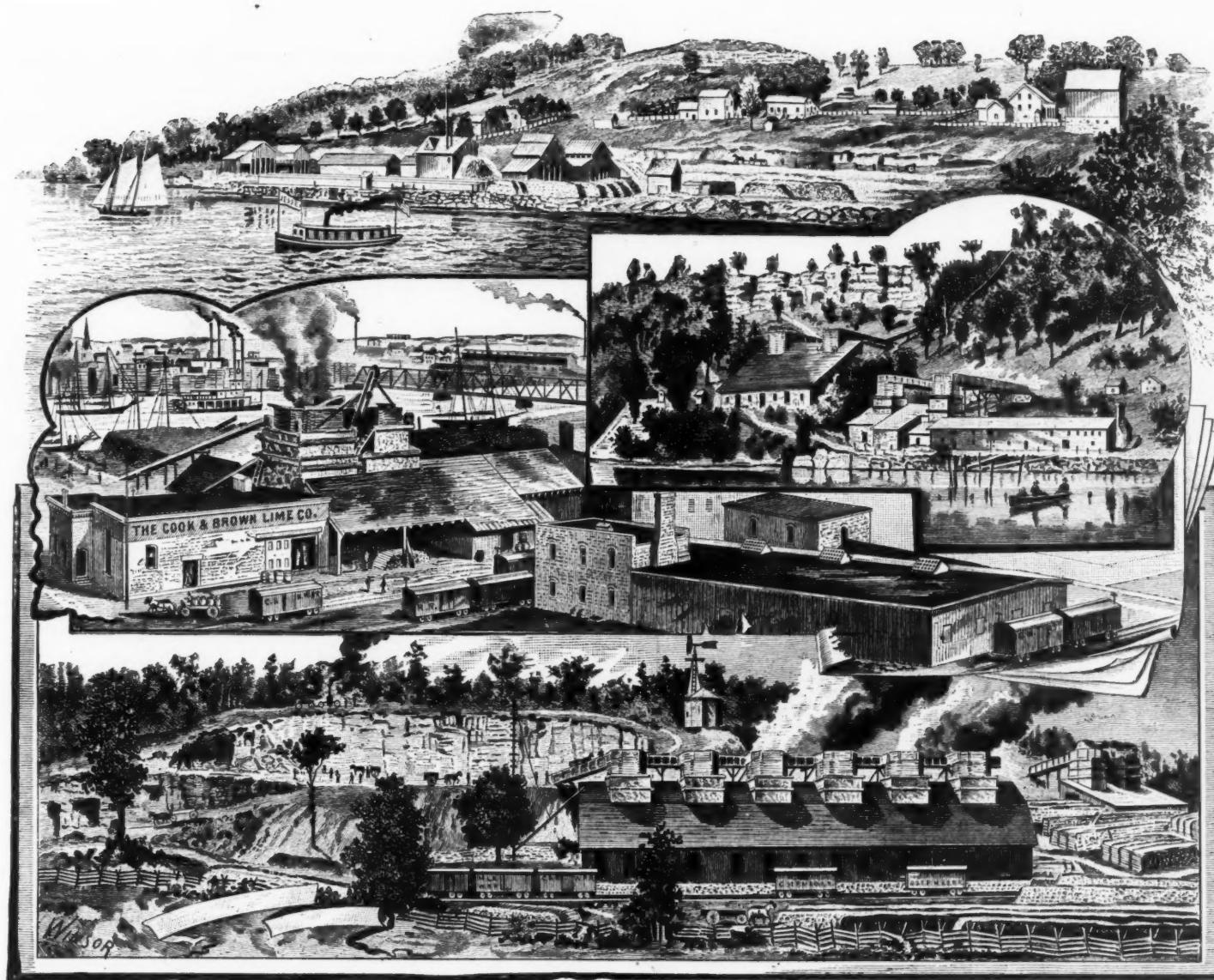
"The aspiring youth who fired the Ephesian dome  
Outlives in fame the pious fool who raised it,"

and that possibly the mere mention of the name—Duluth—may bring my own to the recollection of millions long after I shall have molded into dust, and everything else pertaining to my existence faded from the memory of man. [Laughter and applause.]

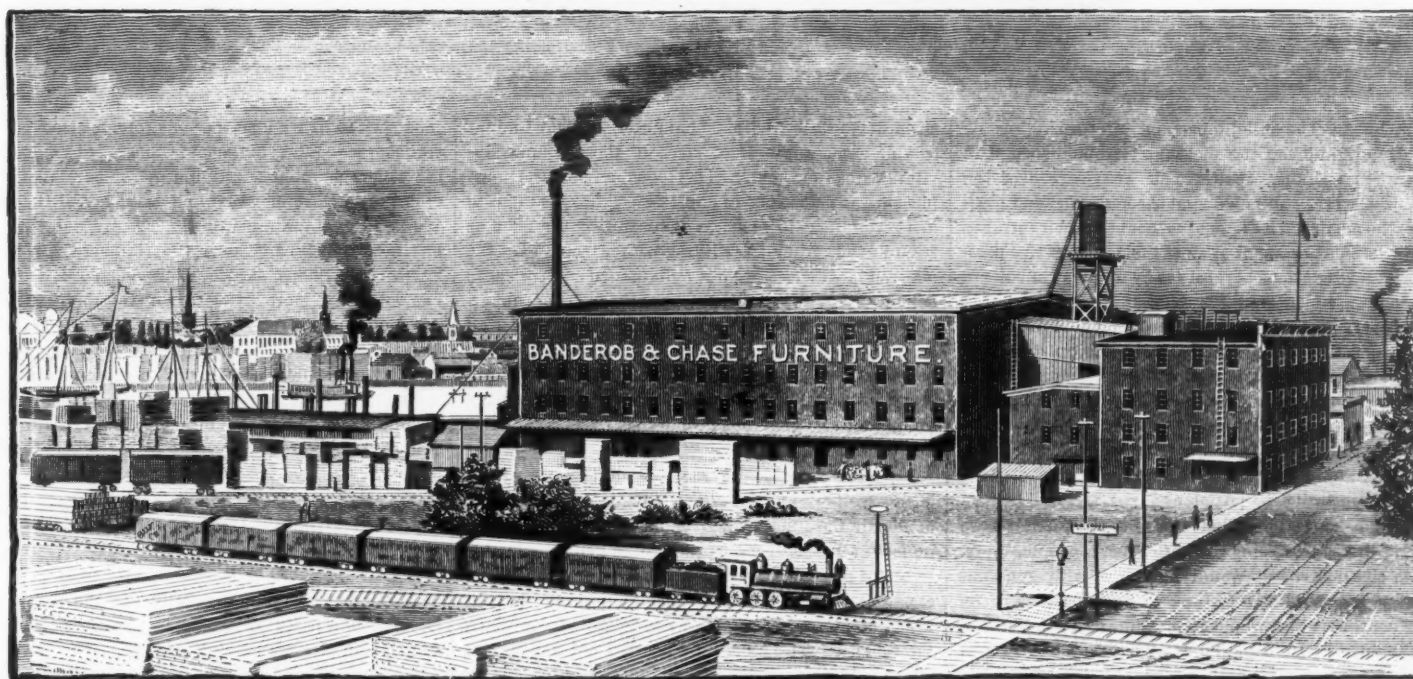
It has seemed to me, therefore, in spite of myself, that the interests of this stalwart young city, just bursting like an infant giant from its swaddling clothes, were in a certain sense peculiarly my own; that, however little I might merit such a magnificent mausoleum, fate had determined that in the future fortunes of Duluth I was to have my own enduring monument. Is it strange, then, that I have listened with rapt attention to every story I have heard of her wonderful development; that I have devoured with eager interest everything I have seen in print concerning her matchless prosperity and noted with emotions of intensest pride and pleasure every step in her great triumphal progress? [Applause.]

But there is another, and, to me, a far tenderer tie between us. The same sagacity which detected the embryo of what is destined

to be one of the grandest commercial emporia of the world, in the little village nestling at the feet of these granite hills, when the bright waters of yonder mighty lake were seldom fretted by the freighted keel—saw no malignant satire in the good-natured badinage, which was accidentally instrumental in introducing the future city to the more general attention of mankind; but detected beneath a veil of playful irony a forecast of its grandeur and glory, unseen by the seer himself who has lived to look in amazement upon the marvelous fulfillment of his unwitting prophecy.

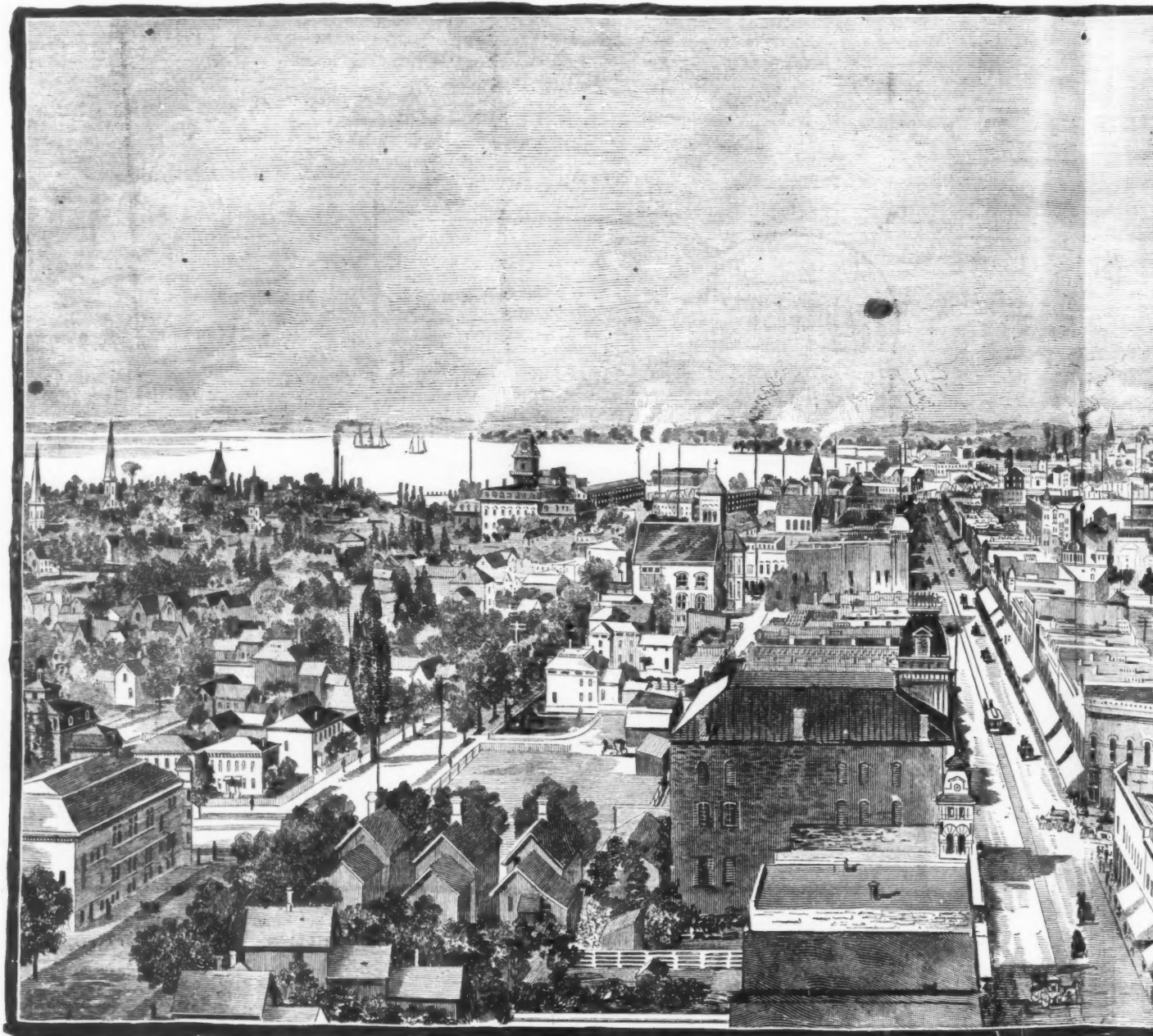


THE COOK & BROWN LIME CO.'S PLANTS.—1. BRICK YARD AND TILE FACTORY AT STOCKBRIDGE, WIS. 2. LIME KILNS AT CLIFTON, WIS. 3. LIME KILN, WAREHOUSES AND COAL SHED, OSHKOSH, WIS. 4. LIME KILNS AT GRIMMS, WIS. TOTAL CAPACITY 1,800 LBS. LIME PER DAY.



OSHKOSH.—BANDEROB & CHASE'S FURNITURE FACTORY.





GENERAL VIEW OF OSHKOSH,

[Applause.] The enlightened and enterprising people of Duluth enjoyed the pleasantry, republished it in countless editions, scattered it broadcast over the civilized world and laughed at the heavy-headed plodder who mistook a ludicrous horoscope of their fortunes for a serious argument against their prospective prosperity and undertook to refute it by an array of solemn statistics, which were, in fact, but a verification of the covert prediction it contained. Wherever I have met them they have extended to me the open palm of cordial friendship; and during the present as well as the years that are gone, they have written me over and over again the kindest letters, inviting me to come among them, to share their whole-hearted hospitality, and enjoy with them the rich fruits of their "well-won thrift." [Applause.]

If one could be found whose temperament is so frigid that his feelings toward such a people, under such circumstances, would not glow with generous fervor, he would be a fortune to any ice factory on the continent that would employ him as a refrigerator. [Laughter.] He couldn't come within a half mile of a thermometer, at high noon, the hottest day in August without sending the mercury to zero—if not

clean down to the bulb. [Laughter.] That I might be able to avail myself of some of those friendly invitations has for many years been among the most pleasing anticipations of my life. I have wanted to meet you face to face, to take you by the hand as friend meets friend, to witness with my own eyes the manifold evidences of your enlightened enterprise, to behold for myself the visible proofs of your unparalleled progress, and to rejoice with you in your well earned prosperity. [Applause.] And now, when I have realized that happiness, the facts so far transcend all that I have heard, or read, or dreamed of Duluth and its generous people that I feel completely dazed.

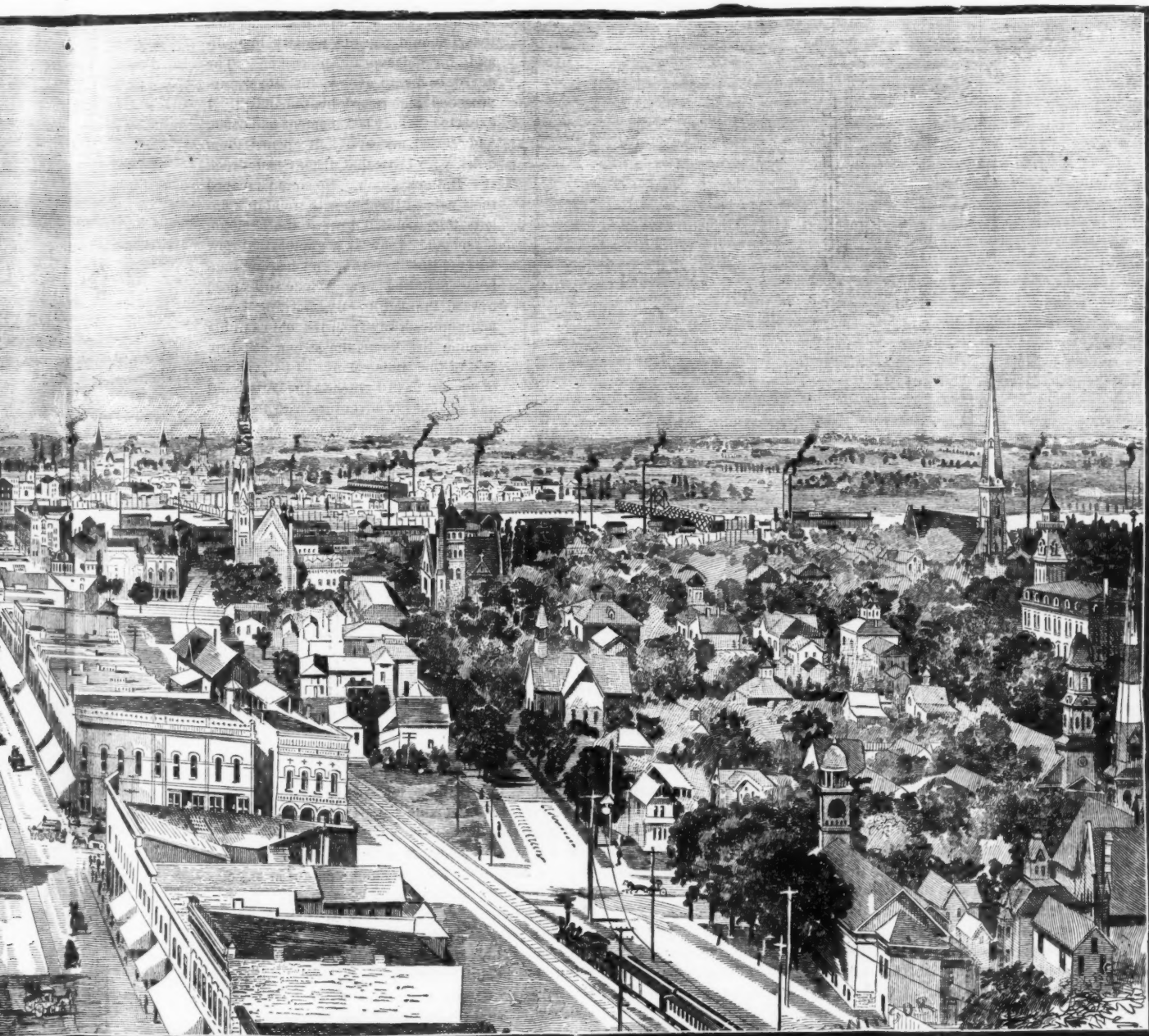
I am reminded of an incident in the life of my most excellent and esteemed friend, Senator Vance of North Carolina, which he is fond of relating of himself. He had been requested to deliver a lecture in aid of some charity under the auspices of a Hebrew congregation, and, as he touches nothing that he does not adorn, his audience was delighted, especially the rabbi, an estimable, kind-hearted old gentleman, who, notwithstanding his eminent attainments in other respects, sometimes got a little mixed in the

construction as well as in his pronunciation of our vernacular. When the senator concluded his lecture, the venerable rabbi seized him by the hand in a glow of enthusiastic admiration and said: "Vell Goufenor Wance, I haaf crate many dings heardt aboutt you but now dot I haaf seen you, I moost say vot de keveen onf Shepa say to King Solomon: Beholdt I hat not pelief more as von half vot dey been toldt me apoud you alretty." [Laughter and applause.] True, I had read the astounding story of your progress in all the essentials of social prosperity and commercial grandeur, but one-half of it seemed almost beyond the ordinary range of credulity!—From Gov. Knott's speech at the Spalding House Banquet August 14.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS WARNING.

BY S. F. GILLESPIE.

A number of years ago, while in the West, I accompanied a party formed for the purpose of hunting buffalos on the plains of Wyoming. The party was composed of about a dozen men, among whom were some of the best marksmen that America has ever



VIEW OF OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN.

produced—rangers with iron nerves, ready to defend the settler's cabin from the fiery brand of the wandering nomads of the plains, who at that time were the terror of the hardy pioneer.

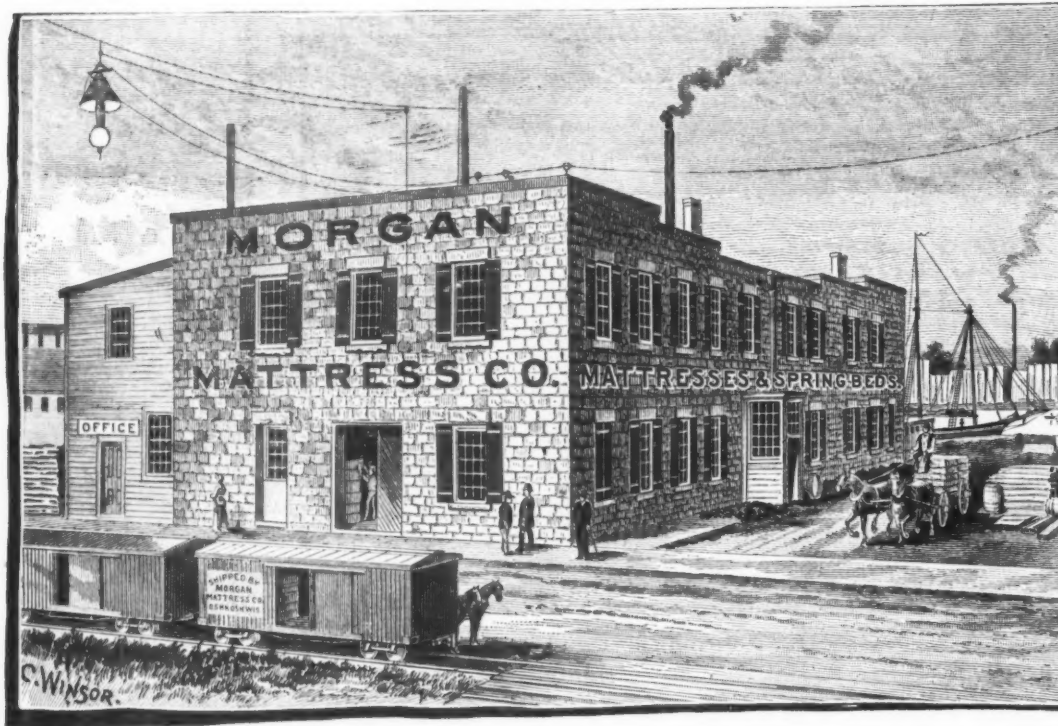
After several days riding, and meeting with no success, it was suggested by some one in the party that we go farther north to the Big Horn Mountains, where there was plenty of wild game, of a smaller variety than the game we started out to find. This idea was readily adopted by all in the party, save a grizzle-bearded old ranger, who went by the name of Old Hank. No amount of persuasion could induce him to change his mind.

"Boys," he said, as he lit his pipe with a coal from the roaring camp-fire, "I am not superstitious, yet all the buffalo robes this side of the Rockies wouldn't get me to set foot in the Big Horn region again. It has been twenty years since I trapped on the Big Horn River. I was a good marksman in those days, yet with all my skill with the rifle, I should not be here to-day has it not been the assistance of a mysterious individual. It was nearing Spring and I had my furs packed and in a few days expected to start for the settlement, many miles to the south. I was thanking

my lucky stars that I had met no Indians while trapping and prospecting among the hills. In fact I had every reason to believe that the Indians had gone toward the south, as they frequently did, joining some friendly tribe in a buffalo chase. One night I laid down, rolled up in my blankets, the camp-fire burning with unusual brightness, and lighting my pipe was soon lost in thought. Nothing broke the stillness of the night save the sharp cry of the wolf or the low, plaintive moan of the panther. As the hours drew on the fire burned low and all became silent as the grave. The moon threw a pale light over the landscape, giving the trees a ghostly appearance, not unlike sentinels keeping a silent watch over the rugged landscape. There was such a stillness and mysterious silence brooding that I reached for my gun and started to put more fuel on the fire. As I rose to my feet a sight met my eyes that made my blood run cold with horror. A stone's throw away I beheld a horse and rider—or rather the frame of a rider—for seated on the animal was a skeleton, whose bleached bones and grinning skull assumed a ghostly appearance in the pale moonlight. With fleshless fingers the ghostly rider pointed southward. I tried to speak,

but my tongue failed me. I endeavored to approach the ghostly rider, but my limbs refused to bear me on, and staggering toward the spot I raised my rifle and fired. The moon was suddenly blotted from view by a dark cloud when I was struck across the face by the boneless hand, causing this scar which you see on my forehead. The cloud soon passing away, the pale light gave me a good view of the situation. In the same place sat the bleached horseman and his steed. My head gave me great pain and beginning to get over my fright somewhat, I determined to find out the mystery or perish in the attempt. Raising my gun I took careful aim and pulled the trigger. To my dismay the rifle had become broken in the struggle and I was left at the mercy of the death rider. I called out, now that I had collected my thoughts, but no answer came. Steadily he pointed to the south. I advanced close toward the spot where the rider sat, but as I drew nearer the figure retreated. As my gun was useless I grasped a huge stone and with all my force hurled it at the retreating phantom. To my horror and dismay the stone passed through the ghostly profile. Then I saw that the horse and his rider were neither flesh nor blood and reeling on my





OSHKOSH.—THE MORGAN MATTRESS CO.'S FACTORY.

feet I staggered back toward the fire. I do not know what followed, for I had become faint from the blow and fell unconscious. It was late in the day when I regained my senses. I looked in the direction that I had seen the mysterious rider, but from all appearances nothing unusual seemed to have taken place. I felt of my head; there was the deep gash. My rifle lay at my feet broken. I looked for signs of the horse's hoofs but there were no traces of any. It was impossible for me to travel for some time so I decided to stay till I got better. My plans were not as successful as I had hoped. About noon I saw far out on the prairie a band of horsemen approaching. I waited patiently for them to get near enough to tell whether they were friendly or hostile. I was not kept in suspense long, however, for they headed directly toward the spot where I had camped, doubtless being attracted by the smoke. I soon saw that the party was composed of Indian bucks, who were returning from a hunt. It was useless for me to at-

tempt to escape, in my wounded condition, so as the band approached I signalled to them that I was willing to be friendly. I soon found that I had fallen in with a remnant of a once powerful tribe of savages, who had been reduced to a handful by war and disease. I had given myself up for lost and waited for my doom to be sealed. For several days I was cared for by an old Indian, who appeared to be the medicine man, and by the use of leaves and herbs, my wound healed rapidly. Luckily I spoke the language of the tribe and tried to find out what they intended to do with me. All the information that I could obtain was that they would take me to the great chief far to the west who would fix my destiny. That evening I determined to escape if possible. As I had been very weak heretofore they placed only one warrior to guard me. As luck would have it the night was dark. I watched the sentinel with an eagle's eye and as he was dozing, with all the strength that I could command, I sprang upon him like a panther

and grasped him by the throat. In the scuffle he gave the alarm and I was soon at the mercy of the wrath of my enemies. A council was held and it was decided that I should pay the penalty immediately for endeavoring to escape. The guard, eager to avenge his anger, approached and raised his tomahawk. I expected that my last moment had come, and closed my eyes, but opened them quickly for I saw that dismay had struck the Indians dumb. No sound escaped their palsied lips but with trembling fingers they pointed toward the skeleton horseman. I saw at a glance that now was my time to escape and leaping on a horse standing near I rode full speed toward the south. By morning I was many miles away from the old camping ground, thanks to the strong constitution of the Indian pony. In the course of several days I reached the settlement and related my adventure with the mysterious visitor, but was only laughed at. However, I believe that it was Providence that sent the mysterious rider to warn me of trouble. I never had any desire to go there again," continued the old hunter, as he relighted his pipe, "and will return to the fort if you decide to go."

This strange and weird story ran through my head all night and I could not just make it out, but doubtless the old ranger had become slightly deranged by his solitary life as a hunter and falling into a fever, awoke with the impression that he had received the mysterious warning.

#### IDAHO'S MINERAL WEALTH.

The new State of Idaho has an area of 86,294 miles. As a producer of valuable metals she has a record of having yielded since 1862 about \$158,000,000. Last year nearly \$11,000,000 in gold and silver came out of her mines, and one county alone produced \$5,500,000 in lead. It is no exaggeration to say "gold in every rivulet flows" in the central part of Idaho. Wherever the prospector has penetrated he has found "the color." The Salmon and its branches drain the north side of this "strong-box in the mountains." On the east side of it is Wood River, and on the south is the Snake. In the gulches of a single tributary creek of the Salmon \$10,000,000 in gold have been washed out. In the Wood River Valley there is a mine—lead-bearing silver—which has yielded \$6,600,000 in seven years. As for the Snake, there is gold in the sands of every mile of its sinuous length—enough, as Idaho people are fond of saying, to pay the National debt. And yet only the borders of the great treasure field have been worked. "The largest and least known scope of mining country on the Pacific Slope" is the way this undeveloped portion of Idaho has been described. Nearly in the centre of it is a great plateau known as the Camas prairie. The name is taken from a nourishing root, a kind of wild prairie potato, which grows in abundance. All about the Camas prairie are mountains over which a wagon has never passed. The Idaho delegate went to Washington several years ago with a proposition that the General Government should authorize the Territory to appropriate \$50,000 to construct a wagon road across the region. The difficulties to be surmounted were admittedly beyond the people's means to overcome. This great barrier actually cuts off Northern Idaho from Southern Idaho. There is no intercommunication.

When the Panhandle Senators and Representatives go to Boise, the capital, they make a long detour to the West through Washington or Oregon. Or, if they prefer, travel eastwardly nearly half way through Montana, then southward through Idaho, and westward again to Boise. Several years ago the



STORE OF WM. J. KELLEY, MANUFACTURING JEWELER, OSHKOSH.

Panhandle people despaired of ever being neighborly with the rest of Idaho. They got up a movement to annex themselves to Washington or Montana, they didn't care which. They came to Congress with a memorial setting forth that nature had evidently never intended the Panhandle to be a part of Idaho. A bill was introduced to chop up the whole Territory and apportion it out to Washington, Nevada, Utah and Wyoming. But the territorial pride became aroused. Since then the Territory has been made a State, and there has been no more talk of dismemberment and annihilation of Idaho.

As early as the sixties the gold washers skimmed around the edges of the treasure field. Fabulous stories are told of what was done along the Salmon River. There are localities where, by means of wing dams, as much as \$2,000 has been taken out in twenty-four hours. The famous placers of Oro Fino, Florence and the Salmon River still worked to some

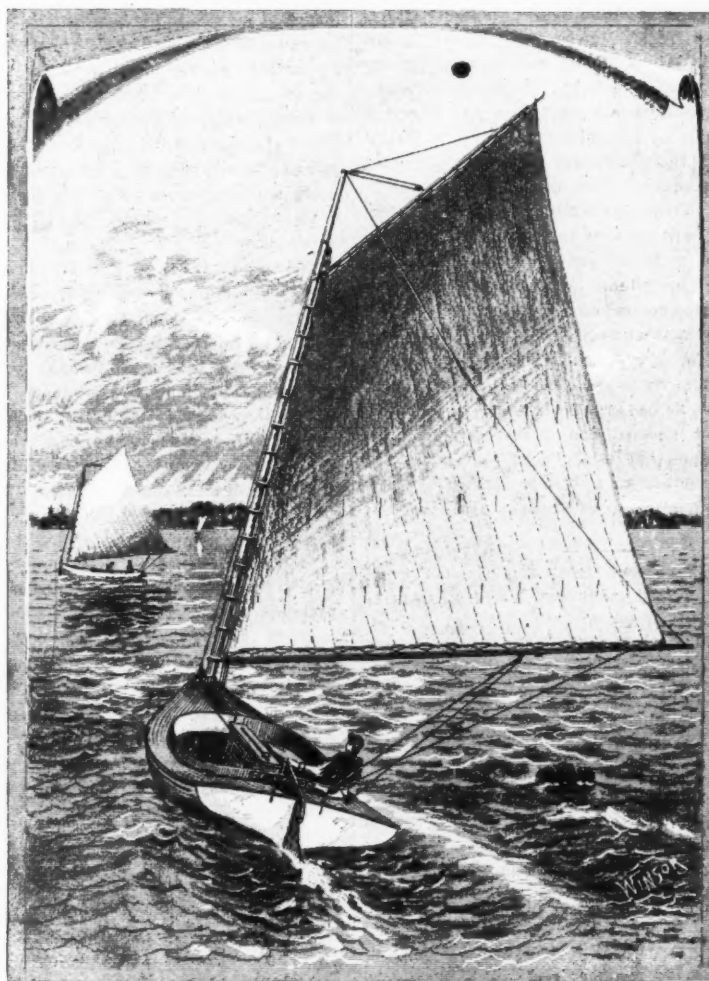
#### A KINGDOM FOR GIRLS.

The Puget Sound country, especially Skagit, San Juan, Whatcom, Snohomish and Island counties, are crying out earnestly and vehemently for whole brigades of good, worthy, moral, industrious young women to do domestic work, perform house labor and kitchen duties. True, plucky, sensible girls could soon gain a competence. Thousands of helpless girls in the overcrowded Eastern cities are yearly going to degradation and hopeless ruin for the lack of room and means to gain an honest living. Out here, in both town and country, they are offered good homes in respectable families, and are in universal demand, at from \$15 to \$30 per month to do ordinary housework. It would be a boon of great price to Eastern Philanthropists of capital to organize and perfect a young woman's immigration organization for Washington and induce thousands of courageous,



I MADE a day's drive lately out into the unsettled country in Foster County, North Dakota, east of Carington. My companions were Victor, a lad of thirteen, rejoicing in the possession of a Quackenbush rifle that was a terror to gophers at short range, and an old soldier named Birtsell, who drove the team and was glad to escape for a day's airing from his service as clerk in a hotel. The livery man, who is also the butcher of the village, and is familiarly hailed as Uncle John by all the inhabitants, furnished us the worst team for a long drive I ever had the misfortune to try to get anywhere with. They were a pair of tough, lazy, skinny Montana bronchos, with apparently one fixed idea only—not to go out of a slow walk. Birtsell wore the whip out on them and grew hoarse with a variety of encouraging vocal exertions, with no better result than a desultory jog trot, that lapsed into a walk every minute or two. For the first ten miles the road ran through wheat farms, where a moderately good crop was waiting for the threshers; then the cultivated ground diminished rapidly in its proportion to the virgin prairie, until at twenty miles out from the town we passed the last settler's cabin of sods and rough boards and came into the hilly region bordering on the James River. I was surprised to find that there is still a considerable area on both sides of the river where the government land is unclaimed. Uncle John had warned us of the perils of the way, saying that the bluffs along the river were rocky and precipitous and that there was only one place where we could get down them; cautioning us at the same time not to break the wagon, a wabby, crooked-tongued affair he had brought from Missouri long years ago; but we found nothing more alarming than the gently sloping hills that border the valleys of nearly all Dakota streams. These hills are admirably adapted for sheep ranges and it will not be long before they will be covered with flocks, now that the Dakota farmers are turning their attention to this industry. We saw many excellent sites for sheep ranches along the river, where there are springs of pure water and where the stream runs through extensive natural meadows. With the hills for Summer range and the valley for hay and water, and with no farms for several miles on either side, this region is an ideal sheep country.

In the Spring the James River, in its upper course, is a deep drainage ditch for melting snows, but in Summer it is little more than a succession of water holes, fed by springs, with only a feeble continuous current, completely hidden here and there by rushes. I should say that our point of crossing was about fifty miles from the sources of the stream. The Dakota soil absorbs all the Summer rainfall so that there is no surplus to run off in the so-called rivers. We made our noon halt on the river bank, turned out the oats for the horses on the grass, tied the brutes to the wagon wheels and after eating our lunch stretched ourselves out under the wagon for a siesta. Suddenly the broncho, that had taken the most pounding on the way with the greatest indifference took fright at a piece of paper, broke loose from the wagon and went off at a gallop over the hills and out of sight. Here was a predicament, but the old soldier, Birtsell, was equal to the occasion. Laying off his coat he started after the horse and was soon lost to view behind the grassy heights. Would he catch the animal, and if not what would we do? was the question my boy and I discussed in the shade of the



SAILBOAT "DELLWOOD," WHITE BEAR LAKE. BUILT FOR H. H. HORTON BY ROBERT BRAND, OSHKOSH.

extent; but it is from 100 to 150 miles to the base of supplies. Everything must be brought in on pack animals, which travel ten miles a day. Freight is from five to fifteen cents a pound. A mining country which can stand such disadvantages will be an El Dorado when the railroads penetrate it. Idaho County, in which the wild mountainous region is chiefly embraced, turned out \$475,000 in gold dust last year. With railroad facilities, such as Colorado has got, there would be 20,000 gold hunters where there are 2,000 to-day in this single country, and the output would startle the Nation. It is nothing uncommon to see quartz specimens from this region which go \$2,000 to the ton.—*Denver Mining Review*.

Yellowstone Park contains about 3,575 square miles. It includes Yellowstone Lake, many geysers, rivers, forests, mountains and beautiful scenery.

pure minded girls to come out and cast their fortunes among us. We will guarantee all brave, good young women permanent employment, kind treatment and generous homes among as liberal-minded and chivalrous a people as ever lived under the laws of Magna Charta.—*Anacortes Farmer*.

It appears that all that saved New England's credit in the recent Government census, was that the growth of her cities counter-balanced the depopulation of the rural districts. This fact proved true in five out of six States. Vermont, however, lost prestige, showing up 286 less than in 1880. The people of New England are beginning to realize that there is such a section of country, known as the "Far West," where with a small amount of capital, pluck, and relentless energy, a person can carve out an independent fortune in a few years.



wagon, relieving our mental strain occasionally by a shot at the ducks and mud-hens on the river or at a passing flock of sand-hill cranes. We decided that if Birtsell failed to show up by four o'clock we would pack the valises and other plunder on the remaining horse and start on foot for the nearest house, which we reckoned to be eight or ten miles distant. This conclusion was only reached after a long argument, the boy insisting that it would be a great lark to camp under the wagon till morning, although there was nothing left for supper but two boiled eggs and one doughnut. Before four o'clock came a shout was heard from the distance and, glorious sight, there was Birtsell returning with that wicked broncho. We understood after this adventure better than ever why horse thieves are lynched in all new countries, for to be deprived of one's means of locomotion is about the worst calamity next to sudden death that can befall the traveler in such regions.

We hitched up with good heart, forded the river, climbed the stony hills, and driving eastward soon struck the old military trail to Fort Totten, now weed-grown and very little travelled. After an hour's further travel a house loomed up on the horizon and we soon came into a little settlement of Danes—seven or eight families of them. The rains had missed their fields and they were poor and discouraged save one, a widow, who had seventy head of cattle and sixty head of sheep and lived in what in Dakota is a big house. Her son and a hired man took care of the stock and she did not seem to mourn the partial failure of her crop. We again descended into the meadows along the James, re-crossed the stream, gained the level prairies and in another hour were driving past good fields of wheat and comfortable farm houses, a mile or so apart. The road led through one of the big farms of the Carrington & Casey Company—3,000 acres in a body and all in crop. There is another of these farms a few miles distant. They are scientifically worked and even in the year of greatest drouth yielded a paying crop.

At Melville that night, a village on the railroad, there was a crowd of threshers and farmers in the little tavern and the talk was about wheat, as it always is in Dakota. I asked if anybody had made any money in Foster County raising wheat and nothing but wheat year after year. Three instances were cited of men who came to the county when it was first settled seven years ago, with no money at all, and went to work as day laborers and who now pay taxes on a valuation of about ten thousand dollars each. Every dollar of property these men possess they have made from wheat farming. Two of them are Germans and one an American. These cases certainly disprove the common saying that exclusive wheat farming will make a man poor and keep him poor. To them might be added hundreds of instances of men who came to North Dakota with barely money enough to buy a team, a wagon and a plow and lumber enough for a small house, and who are to-day in possession of farms of 320 acres, well-stocked with implements and animals. Where in any old-settled country could a farmer accomplish so much in so short a time? I admit that there are many people in both the Dakotas who do not get ahead and barely manage to live in a poor way; but they are for the most part people who were failures in their old homes, who brought nothing with them and who are lacking in the qualities of character that make successful careers. They are the driftwood that floated in on the great tide of immigration a few years ago, when the railroads were built and the bonanza wheat farms had widely advertised the country. No doubt they would be better off back in the older settled States, in the midst of their accustomed environment. The great majority of the Dakota settlers, however, have considerably improved their condition by migrating to these fertile prairies and are becoming more and more attached to their new homes as time goes on.

For three or four years the savings of thousands of people in St. Paul went into the purchase of outlying lots which produce no income and have no positive selling value. That sort of speculative investment has entirely ceased. Now A. B. Stickney proposes to gather up month by month, through the agency of the Manufacturers' Loan Association, the savings and surplus of a multitude of people and employ the capital thus obtained to aid in the development of manufacturing industries, in a safe and conservative way, on the general plan of the building societies. Mr. Stickney has a long head and has given a great deal of hard practical thinking to the development of this plan. The \$500,000 of common stock of the association has all been taken and the \$500,000 of preferred stock will find a market without any special effort. The enterprise has great capabilities for benefitting the city and will make money for its shareholders at the same time.

MANY men leave their country to fill Government posts abroad without any special interest being shown by their respective communities in their departure; yet when Major T. M. Newson was about to go out to his little consulate at Malaga he was overwhelmed with demonstrations of esteem. Banquets were tendered him, presents were made to him and meetings held in his honor by old soldiers, firemen, printers, journalists and others, all eager to show their regard for the veteran editor. Now the Major has not of late years played an important role in Minnesota affairs and his new position as consul in a Spanish town is not of sufficient consequence to confer any fresh distinction upon him. Why, then, has he been sent off with flying colors and a chorus of God-speeds? Simply because he is a lovable sort of a man, who has a good word for every good cause, who diffuses good humor wherever he goes, who has not hardened by selfishness as he has grown old, but has kept his enthusiasm and ripened and mellowed with time, like a good apple that is sound at the core. The Major always reminds me a little of Horace Greeley, in his habitual expression of serenity and good will to all men.

WAUKESHA, Wisconsin, is the only Summer resort with any right to call itself the Western Saratoga. It has many points of resemblance to the great Eastern watering-place. In the first place there are the numerous springs of medicinal water, each surrounded by a pretty park, with lawns and flower beds, and each claiming some special qualities beneficial to ailing people. The best known of these springs are the old Bethesda, which was the first advertised, the Silurian, the Clysine, the Arcadian, and the Crescent Fountain. Then there are the numerous hotels of all grades, from the fashionable four-dollars-a-day Fountain House to little cottage-like boarding-houses that are hotels in little more than their signs. You meet all classes of people at Waukesha, just as you do at Saratoga, ranging in the social scale from rich Chicagoans, whose women seem to wear jewelry by the pound and pass much of the day in changing their gowns, to plain country folks, taking a brief holiday and trying the virtues of the healing waters. The special charms of the place are the sparkling waters of the springs, the purity of the air, the beauty of the rural landscapes, the pleasant, shady streets of the village and the many varieties of human nature you can examine at your ease from your arm chair on the hotel piazza.

If you drive or walk much about the residence districts of St. Paul notice how many desirable corner lots are unimproved. In the older parts of the city the average will perhaps be one corner in four; a little further out it is two in four and in still newer parts of town it is a common thing to find three or even all of the four corners at a street crossing vacant, although the inside lots may be nearly all built upon. Now the natural law of growth would be to occupy the most desirable building sites first, namely the corners, and then fill up the intermediate lots; but speculation and greed come in to balk this method. The owner

of a corner lot puts such a price upon it that unless it has a business value it is let alone. The home-builder would like to have it but he can't afford to pay the additional price and the large assessments for street improvements sure to fall upon it, and he must content himself with an inside lot. As time goes on and interest, taxes and assessments run against such a corner, the owner keeps advancing his price until he gets it up so high that no one wants it. He usually holds on stubbornly till he dies; having lost all the comfort and benefit that the money for the lot might have brought him had he sold it for what he could get years before. Often the heir carries on the same plan of marking up the price of the lot every year, so that two generations may go by, and the town grow into a big city, while the corner lot still produces nothing but taxes and weeds.

The value of a business lot is determined by the amount and kind of business that can probably be done upon it; but the value of a residence lot cannot be ascertained by any such a rule. It is usually got at by a compromise between what the owner thinks he can afford to pay either for a site for a home or he ought to get for it and what the purchaser thinks for one on which to build a house for renting. There is often a wide gap between these two amounts and this is the cause of the ragged growth of new cities—vacant lots everywhere in the central, convenient districts and thousands of people forced out into the fields in remote suburbs to find building sites on which they can afford to build. What sort of a remedy would it be for the city government to draw every six months a certain small percentage of all the unimproved lots listed for taxation and sell them at auction to the highest bidder, turning over the money to the owners? Rank communism, you will say; yet remember that it is the community and not the lot owners that gives value to these vacant lots. Why, then, should not the community have an opportunity to buy some of them occasionally at a competitive sale which would test their real value. There would be nothing half as arbitrary in this proceeding as in taxing all the selling value out of lots for making street improvements to benefit the general public; yet this is done by municipalities at almost every meeting of their public works boards.

PROCTOR KNOTT visited Duluth last month for the first time and was given a very hearty reception. I heard him make his famous speech in Congress ridiculing the then visionary "Zanith City of the Unsalted Seas." It was in 1871, if I remember right, and Knott was a new Kentucky member who had done nothing to attract attention. Before he had spoken a dozen sentences a circle of members began to form around him. As he went on this circle enlarged and thickened until it included everybody in the House. The listeners shouted and roared with laughter until there was a tempest of hilarity, in the midst of which the tall, thin Kentuckian poured out his sarcasm and humor with perfect gravity and earnestness of manner. Many people suppose that some legislation concerning the Northern Pacific Railroad was pending at the time, but that is a mistake. The bill before the House was one for extending the time for earning a land grant for a road called the Lake Superior, St. Croix and Mississippi, or some such name. Knott became a famous humorist at once, but he failed to keep up his reputation. He tried one more funny speech that session but its success was far below that of his first effort and he never repeated the experiment; but for years after, whenever he got the floor, his fellow members got ready to laugh and were disappointed to hear nothing but grave and rather common-place argument on the pending issue. It took a long time for Knott to outlive his reputation as a funny man and to be accepted by the House and by his constituents as a serious, plodding, reliable sort of a statesman.

A Brevier "dress", "new body," in fair condition, for sale cheap. Read special offer on page 31.



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E. V. SMALLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

#### BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

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ST. PAUL, SEPTEMBER, 1890.

#### DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN WEEKLY TOWNS.

Out in Watertown, South Dakota, a place of three or four thousand inhabitants, a daily newspaper has lately suspended publication, and its editor, in announcing his inability to make it pay and his determination to confine his efforts in future to getting out a weekly, tells a moving tale of his labors and troubles. It appears that he has been doing all the editorial and local work himself, supervising the job department, keeping the books and collecting the bills. When an invoice of printing paper arrived he had to hustle about the streets in a desperate attempt to raise money enough from his delinquent debtors to take it out of bond. Often he was obliged to borrow money to meet ordinary running expenses, and in the midst of his financial worries, when his mind was on the ragged edge, would come the cry for "copy" from the printers. In conclusion he says: "It is a trying position for an editor to be in where he has to live on shingle nails and tacks and then attempt to make his paper the acme of perfection. It takes money to make either the mare go or run a daily paper, and our private conclusion is that neither the Almighty himself or his coadjutor could successfully run a daily paper here unless some extraneous means were used to touch the pocket-books of the majority."

This Watertown editor has been spending his energies in an attempt to work out a problem that could have but one possible solution, failure—namely, the problem of publishing a daily paper in a town only large enough to maintain a weekly. The ability of his paper had nothing to do with the outcome of this experiment. If he had made it as large and as able as a St. Paul daily its failure would not have been the less inevitable. Nor was this failure occasioned by any lack of intelligence or liberality in the people of Watertown. That place is no doubt as enterprising and wide-awake as most towns of its size in the Dakotas, which means that it is much more enterprising and wide-awake than any town of its size in the East. But it had no more right to think it could sustain a daily paper than it would have had to imagine that a big city dry goods store or a big city hotel could exist there.

When the Dakotas were new, dailies were successfully run in many small towns. There was a great deal of news to chronicle, money was plenty, people were all strangers to each other and were eager to advertise their business; and then, every place hoped

to be a city and the editors were willing to take chances for the future. That condition of things was outgrown four or five years ago, but a few of the dailies published in towns that have gotten their growth are still hanging on, their editors working themselves to death for a scanty living and often getting deeper into debt year by year, from a mistaken feeling of pride. Their townsmen beg them to go on for the good of the public but they do not offer to foot the bills. These editors know that they are violating all the established business traditions of their craft; that towns in the East or the Middle West must have at least 10,000 people to afford a support to a single daily; that there is nothing in the condition or prospects of the Dakota towns to make them exceptions to this rule; but they hold on in the hope that the impossible will happen next year. They had better follow the tardy example of the Watertown editor, stop their daily editions and fall back on their weeklies. There is comfort, dignity and revenue in a good weekly, but there is neither in the up-hill business of running a daily in a weekly town.

#### A GREAT HORSE MARKET AT MILES CITY.

The open ranges of Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington and Oregon produce annually many thousands of horses in excess of the demands of those States for their home supply. The animals grow to maturity with no other feed than the nutritious bunch grass of the plains and with very little care from their owners. The thin, clear air and the wild scamper over the prairies develops great lung power, the dry soil insures hard, symmetrical hoofs and the native forage is a remarkable muscle producer. The original stock of the early settlers has been greatly improved of late years by the introduction of thorough-bred stallions, and outside of the breeding farms where race horses of the best Kentucky strain are reared a great many horses of excellent qualities for farm purposes and for driving are now sent to Eastern markets. Heretofore the ranchmen have been obliged to seek, themselves, a distant market for their animals, and have shipped in one, two and three cars, and in some instances in train-loads, to the different States as far East as Massachusetts. On reaching the Eastern market they have been obliged to sell at once for what the horses would bring, because it would not pay to ship them back to the ranges.

Not long ago, Joseph Scott, of Miles City, President of the Stockgrowers' Association of Montana, began to develop a plan for establishing a central horse market, with semi-annual sales and with facilities for housing, feeding and speeding stock. At first the interests of Custer County alone were considered, but the project widened out more and more as it was discussed. It was brought to the attention of President Oakes, of the Northern Pacific, who at once saw that it had great possibilities of benefit to the horse-breeding interests of the entire Northwestern range country. Mr. Oakes authorized the General Freight Agent, Stewart L. Moore, to take the matter up, and the outcome of conferences with the stockmen at Miles City, is that the Custer County Horse Sales and Fair Association is given the free use of the Northern Pacific stockyards at that place, and the railroad company is now spending a good deal of money building 300 feet of enclosed stables, with hay lofts, mangers and watering troughs, while the Association is laying out \$10,000 on a track and other improvements. Breeders in the different States along the Northern Pacific lines, and also along the Great Northern and Union Pacific lines, have already promised to send horses to the first sale, which will begin on the twenty-ninth of September. Buyers from the East will attend, and others, who cannot come themselves will send in their bids and be represented by agents on the ground. The breeders will, it is believed, realize a much better price for their animals than under the old system, and buyers will have a wide range of selection and can secure the kind of horses best adapted for sale in their several localities, and obtain the most favorable rates

for shipment. The President of the Association conducting the sales is Jepp Ryan.

Of course there can be only a modest beginning made this year, but the enterprise is in good hands and has strong backing. The locality selected is favorable as a central point to which horses can be driven from the ranges of Montana and Wyoming and shipped from the States further west, and from which quick transit can be had to Eastern markets, and it is believed in time that this Miles City horse market will gain a national reputation, as that at Lexington, Kentucky, has done. We need hardly add that the success of the enterprise will be of great advantage to Miles City, giving it additional capital, business and population.

#### ROUTE OF THE GREAT NORTHERN.

The Great Northern Railway has at last determined upon its route across the Rocky Mountains and has begun the work of construction at Assiniboine. The road will cross the Main Divide at the Marias Pass, where a location with moderate grades has been made by the engineers, and will come down into the upper Flathead Valley above the lake, whence it will cross a low range to the Kootenai River and follow that stream down to Bonner's Ferry. From the Kootenai it will probably strike for Lake Pend d'Oreille and go on to Spokane Falls. The definite route beyond the Kootenai is not yet announced, however, nor is it known what will be the route from Spokane Falls westward. No pass in the Cascade Mountains has yet been adopted for the road and another year's surveying will probably be required before the most favorable route over that difficult mountain barrier can be selected. Probably the road will follow the Spokane River down to the Columbia and the Columbia down to the mouth of the Methow and then go up that stream to the mountains. The company has acted wisely in choosing the northern route over the Rockies, by way of the Flathead and Kootenai valleys, instead of that by way of Missoula and the Cœur d'Alene Country which it formerly contemplated adopting. The northern route gives it a new region to develop for traffic pretty much all the way to Spokane Falls, while the other would have taken it through a region now in the full possession of its powerful rival, the Northern Pacific.

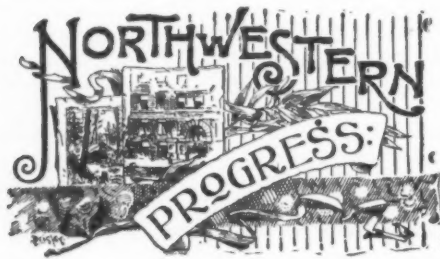
#### ANNEXING A RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Last month the lines of the Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway Company were formally transferred to the Northern Pacific management. They are now operated as a division of the N. P. This transfer adds 264 miles to the roads controlled by the big transcontinental corporation. The N. P. and Manitoba lines embrace a road from the international boundary, near Pembina, N. D., to Winnipeg; a road from Morris, on that line, to Brandon, and a road from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie—all in the province of Manitoba. The construction of this system began by an effort of the Provincial Government to build a road on its own account from Winnipeg to the boundary for the purpose of securing an outlet for grain independent of the Canadian Pacific, which at that time owned every mile of railroad in Manitoba. Afterwards there was a sort of partnership with Northern Pacific capitalists to continue the work and to build other lines. From this has grown the new arrangement by which the N. P. Company buys the roads outright, paying for them in its own consols at the rate of \$20,000 per mile acquiring the stock and retiring the old bonds.

The Northern Pacific has grown to be such a gigantic affair, and its expansion goes on so constantly, that this annexation of more miles of road than Jay Cooke had built at the time of his famous failure in 1873, attracts but little public attention, and is disposed of by the newspapers with a paragraph or two.

Note our advertisement of 25 popular novels free on another page. Here is a good chance to get a supply of good reading for the long evenings now at hand.





### Minnesota.

THE Crookston Times claims that Polk County is the banner wheat county in Minnesota this year.

THE construction to Duluth of the Duluth, Red Wing and Southwestern Railroad is said to be assured. Work will begin at once on the Duluth end of the line.

DURING the crop year ending August 31st, Minneapolis received 30,598,950 bushels of wheat and shipped 9,731,215 bushels, the difference in these two amounts representing the consumption of the flouring mills. Duluth received 19,359,204 bushels and shipped 17,944,989 bushels. Chicago received 17,128,269 bushels and shipped 13,704,395 bushels. It will be seen that the receipts of Duluth were about two millions of bushels more than those of Chicago, now the only competitive lake port with the Zenith City, and that Minneapolis still keeps her long lead on both as a wheat market.

### North Dakota.

THE new road from Oakes via Aberdeen to Pierre is being surveyed and located. The bond guaranteeing the ironing and operation of this line as soon as graded is signed by T. F. Oakes, President of the Northern Pacific Road, R. M. Newport, of St. Paul, and a dozen other prominent railway and moneyed men. At least seventy-five miles must be ready for the iron by November 15.

THE wheat crop in North Dakota will average about twelve bushels to the acre. A spell of very hot weather at a time when most of the grain was in the milk had the effect of greatly reducing the yield. Had this mishap not occurred the average would probably have gone up to twenty bushels. Flax makes an excellent yield, the oats crop is only moderate, potatoes will yield enormously. Perhaps the best feature of the season's results is the heavy hay crop, ensuring ample feed for stock the coming winter. Stock interests are increasing in all parts of the State.

FLAX A SURE CROP.—One of the most notable things about our farms this year is the amount of land put in to flax, many farmers having more flax than wheat. Flax proved one thing at least this year, that it is very little affected by the hot winds, and to that extent will prove itself a reliable crop in future. It has always been said that flax was very trying to the land. Several instances this year would seem to prove either that it is not so impoverishing as we claimed or that our soil is inexhaustible. C. M. Lake has land that he has cropped for three successive seasons to flax, and on which he one season raised eighteen bushels to the acre. This year the same land gives one of the best fields of flax we have ever seen, and the best on his farm. Mr. Lake believes in flax, of which he has eighty acres, and only ten acres of wheat.—*Edgeley Mail*.

THE success which has attended the importation of sheep into La Moure County will induce many farmers to go into the same line of husbandry. One beauty of the whole business is that it always pays when the sheep are handled with reasonable care, and another is that the wool clip comes before grain harvest, when the proceeds are most likely necessary as well as advantageous. The *Chronicle* has had reports of various shearings this summer, but in the last issue of the *Edgeley Mail* are grouped several items which together make a fine showing for what can be done in wool raising. J. L. Potts had an average of over eight pounds to the sheep, which with a carload of mutton to ship this fall will net a handsome return for his investment. County Commissioner A. E. Gardner received 4,323 pounds of wool from about 400 sheep, or nearly eleven pounds per head, and is well enough pleased to intend to ship in more stock of the same kind. Guss, Peek & Heffelfinger's wool clip amounted to 3,826 pounds from 500 head, and they claim will net them twenty cents per pound. Three hundred lambs were added to their flock, and they estimate their income at nearly \$1,700 from 500 sheep.—*La Moure Chronicle*.

### South Dakota.

ABERDEEN voted 448 to 31 last winter to authorize the issue of \$50,000 in city warrants for the construction of a railroad to connect with the N. P. at Oakes. The new road will be a Northern Pacific line and will be started this fall.

THE recent discovery of a natural artesian well, or geyser, on American Island, located in the Missouri River

opposite Chamberlain, is causing considerable talk in that portion of the new State. There are two of the springs located but a few hundred feet apart. After several days' labor the workmen succeeded in sinking an iron tube in the center of the large well, and it was found necessary to put an enormous weight on top of the tube to prevent it from being thrown out by the force of the flow. After repeated efforts the tube was forced down about twenty feet directly over the big spouter, when a rock bottom was reached, and the men were unable to sink it any further. The large well, or spring, now that the great volume of water is confined to the tube, is throwing a two and one-half foot stream of water fully thirty feet above the level of the Missouri. The same result has been secured on the smaller well. The water from both wells has been analyzed and found to contain iron, magnesia, soda and other ingredients which make it valuable for medical purposes.

### Wyoming.

WYOMING is peopled with an excellent class of industrious and energetic people, remarks an exchange, and will make an excellent State. She has a population of about 130,000, although when organized as a Territory in 1888 there were only 3,000 white people within her limits. She has an area of 100,000 squares, one-fifth of which is timber. Iron, coal, oil, soda, gold and silver and other metals are found in abundance, and when her resources are fully developed the State will be a very wealthy one. She already supports 1,500,000 cattle, 150,000 horses and 1,250,000 sheep. Notwithstanding all these facts she permits the women to vote, and this is enough to inspire the most intense opposition on the part of the Bourbon contingent in Congress.

### Montana.

PETER KOCH, in the Bozeman folder, says: A lady, hearing I was from Bozeman, recently said to me: "Oh, that is the town all hidden by trees from the railroad." This fully identifies it. Bearing that one thing in mind, no other Montana city could possibly be mistaken for it. It is literally embowered in groves of cottonwood, aspen, willows, and other greenery. Many of its streets have double rows of trees, and its yards are shady with trees and shrubs, green with lawns, and fragrant with flowers.

THE DRUMMOND COAL MINE.—A. B. Keith, of Helena, is actively pushing the development of the coal prospect at Drummond, with very good results. Samples of coal at a depth of about twenty feet burn nicely and resemble the Rocky Fork coal. The vein varies in width from four to six feet and lies at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The prospect adjoins the town site, and the association regards the outlook as a very promising one, so far as shipping facilities are concerned, as well as in the quantity and quality of the coal.—*Helena Journal*.

A SYNDICATE of Montana men, at the head of whom is Marcus Daly, are making preparations to start a new town in the Bitter Root Valley, near Daly's horse ranch. They propose to put up large stores, establish smelting works and to make the place the central big town of the valley. As they will begin at the ground floor and will have plenty of money they ought to make a model town for health and comfortable living. There are very few instances in the West of towns made to order by men with capital enough to carry out their ideas, and we shall watch this experiment with great interest.

MONTANA is going to make a magnificent showing this year in the matter of railroad extension. The Butte & Gallatin line has been completed and thrown open to business. The Great Falls & Canadian is about completed. Work has begun in earnest on the Great Northern west from Assinaboine, and the Northern Pacific is pushing work on its Cœur d'Alene extension. It looks as if we might claim for 1890 an increased railroad mileage of 400 miles, while much that is being done beyond our borders benefits us directly; as, for instance, the broadening of the gauge on the Utah & Northern and the various transcontinental roads advancing from the East with Montana in view.—*Helena Herald*.

It is stated that the Little Anaconda, in Spring Gulch, Missoula County, gives promise of developing one of the richest mines in Western Montana. A vein, consisting of iron galena, steel galena and galena ore twelve feet in width, has been struck and the lead followed for over 1,200 feet. A tunnel has been commenced, running with a vein, tapping the ledge at 200 feet. As the tunnel is driven ore is removed and placed on the dump. Three sample assays recently made gave these results: The iron galena returned 27 per cent. lead and 29.96 ounces silver to the ton. The steel galena gave 62 ounces silver and the coarse galena 132.38 ounces. The ore is of very even grade and can be mined at a comparatively small cost.—*Helena Journal*.

MONTANA horses did some splendid work on the Twin City race course the past two weeks. Marcus Daly, Hugh Kirkendall and Noah Armstrong had stables there and all were purse-winners. Mr. Daly had a number of fine

animals and won against the best horses of the country. Kirkendall's Nevada and X won several races, the latter in a dead heat, making the best time for the distance and class on the Hamline course. These two horses have gone to New York to win more money, and they are likely to do it. Mr. Armstrong's splendid two-year old colt, Ranier, not only won against nine others, but broke the world's record for that age and distance. The owner believes that this colt will be another Spokane or better. The performances of the Montana horses have thoroughly convinced the people of the Twin Cities that it is dangerous to bank on Eastern favorites when animals from this State are in the race.—*Great Falls Tribune*

### Idaho.

LEWISTON is now an active town for real estate speculation and new business enterprises. It is the oldest town in the State, having been settled in 1862 by gold seekers from Oregon.

THE new town of Kendrick, in the Potlatch Country, founded last Spring, has already a bright newspaper called the *Advocate*. The town is located on the new railroad now building from Pullman to Lewiston.

THE new Northern Pacific line to Lewiston will be completed this month as far as Kendrick. As soon as harvest is over 4,000 more men will be put at work along the Potlatch and Clearwater rivers and it is expected to have the cars running in Lewiston early in December. The fine farming and fruit country along this line is an excellent field for immigration.

### Washington.

TWO-THIRDS of the population of Washington are west of the Cascade Mountains. The census gives this State between 325,000 and 350,000, of which number 225,000 are credited to Western Washington.

SUPERINTENDENT JENKINS of the census bureau reports the following as the complete result of the census enumeration for Chehalis County: Aberdeen, 1,638; Montesano, 1,629; Hoquiam, 1,307; Gray's Harbor, 523; Cosmopolis, 391; remainder of county, 3,837. Total for county 9,325.

THE Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern Railroad, now controlled by the Northern Pacific, is under rapid construction northward from its old terminus at Snohomish, to the British boundary; branches will connect this road with Anacortes and with the Bellingham Bay cities of Fairhaven and New Whatcom.

ON the Tacoma, Olympia and Grays Harbor road about 2,000 men and 475 teams are at work. The work is progressing much faster than expected, and unless an unusually bad season sets in the road will be completed before December 1st. The grade is completed to Black River and fifteen miles of track are laid.

ANOTHER mine of iron ore has been found. It is on North River, eight miles from Montesano. A sample has been assayed and found to be of excellent quality. One of these days the smoke of chimneys from a second Pittsburg will be ascending heavenward from a town in the Gray's Harbor Country.—*Olympia Tribune*.

ANACORTES, after some months of depression following the extraordinary boom development of last winter, is now looking up again. The railroad is in operation and a four-story hotel building of brick has just been opened. It is announced on what seems to be good authority that the Northern Pacific will make the place one of its terminal points on Lower Puget Sound.

RECENT explorations of the Olympic mountain region make it no longer a terra incognita, and show it is not an Eldorado for the gold hunter, for the timber cruiser or for the hardy farmer. It is simply a great expanse of mountainous country, which may some time be found to contain minerals of value, and which may some time be invaded for its timber, but in all likelihood it will be permitted to remain for years what it has been for ages past, the undisputed home of the elk and bear.

THERE is great activity in railroad building between Seattle and the British Columbia line. Both the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern will have roads completed from Seattle to connect with the Canadian Pacific before winter sets in, the former under the charter of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern Company and the latter under that of the Seattle & Northern. Immigration is pouring into the region and all the towns, new and old, are growing. Among these towns perhaps the most prosperous are Snohomish, Sedro, Hamilton and Mount Vernon.

THERE is said to be a new town about to start at the mouth of the Entiat that promises to absorb everything else in the way of towns between the Wenatchee and the Okanagon rivers. The establishment of Cannon's saw-

mill forms the nucleus for the new town, which will be supported by quite an agricultural settlement along the Entiat. A party of Spokane capitalists are contemplating establishing a flouring mill at that point and several other enterprises are being developed among which of course are a newspaper and other institutions necessary to the success of towns.—*Waterville Enterprise*.

THE Seattle Press publishes the first news that has been received from the Government exploring expedition in the Olympic Mountains, sent out under the charge of Lieutenant O'Neil of Vancouver barracks. It is reported that the Shohomish River, forming the outlet and inlet of Lake Cushman, runs through a valley of the most fertile agricultural land and covered with forests of gigantic fir timber. For a distance of three miles up the Grand Canyon the party passed through forests of fir and hemlock with yew tree and white pine scattered here and there. In fact the whole valley was full of the most beautiful white cedar and red fir, trees that could cut 15,000 to 20,000 feet each; such monarchs of the forest as one does not often meet with. No game was discovered though elk and deer signs were seen in number. Above the copper regions near Lake Cushman were found principally basaltic formations in the cliffs and ledges. Above the Grand Canyon a belt of red slate containing iron, black oxide of manganese and some copper was crossed, while still further up the river were discovered alternate belts of slate and porphyry with here and there a boulder of metamorphosed granite.

ARTICLES of incorporation of the United Railroads of Washington, incorporated by T. F. Oakes, President Northern Pacific, and James B. Williams, one of the Vice Presidents, are in compliance with the new State law, which authorizes the consolidation of all railroad companies working together under one corporate name. Trustees are: T. F. Oakes, James B. Williams, H. S. Huson, W. Chapman and George Browne. George H. Earle, New York, is Secretary, and George N. Baxter, Treasurer. The following branches of the Northern Pacific are included under the articles: From North Yakima westerly by way of Natches River across the Cascade Mountains, near the Cowlitz Pass through Lewis County, at a point at or near Chehalis, thence along Willapa River to South Bend. A branch railroad from South Bend to the south side of Gray's Harbor, vicinity of South Bay. Branch from Northern Pacific in Pierce County to Olympia, thence to and down the Black River to connect with the line down Chehalis Valley to Montesano. Branch from Montesano up the Wynoochee River, twenty-five miles. Branch from Gray's Harbor up the Wishka River, twenty miles. Branch from Gray's Harbor along north side harbor to mouth of Humptulips River, thence up that river fifty miles. Branch from Hoquiam northerly twenty-five miles.

#### Manitoba.

THE Icelanders of Manitoba, to the number of about 1,500, celebrated the 1,016 anniversary of the settlement of Iceland and the birth of the Icelandic nation, in Winnipeg last week. One of the speakers estimated the Icelandic population of Manitoba at 9,000 to 10,000, about 3,000 of whom are in Winnipeg. The Icelanders are among our most worthy settlers. As an industrial population for the cities, they are quiet, sober, honest and willing to make the best of their opportunities. They are decidedly superior to most other foreigners in this respect, as they are not given to strikes and riotous conduct, such as often characterizes the industrial classes. Where they have taken to agriculture, as a great many have in Manitoba, they have done well, and some who came here without means a few years ago, are now in good circumstances, or as one of their number said at the celebration, "are worth thousands." They have a faculty of adapting themselves to circumstances and living within their means until they can get ahead, which cannot be said of a good many of our immigrants. In business many of them have also done well, and several of them have more than a local reputation outside of their own nationality as successful business men.—*Winnipeg Commercial*.

#### British Columbia.

VICTORIA is now a wealthy and thrifty city, with a population placed at 22,000. The city is the principal wholesale trade center of the province, and it is well represented in manufacturing industries. Among the industries are extensive iron works, furniture factories, soap works, gun making, brass works, saw mills, several sash and door and wood-working industries, cigar factories, ship yards, shoe factories, extensive lithographing, bookbinding and printing establishments, wagon shops, clothing manufacturers, breweries, broom and match box factory, rice, flour and oatmeal mills, candy factories, packing houses, cracker factory and other industries. These industries do a great deal to keep up the city and extend its trade throughout the country at home and abroad. Many industries in other parts of the province are controlled by Victoria capitalists.

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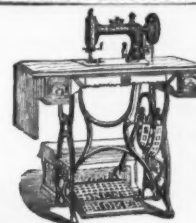
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The Wholesale and Manufacturing Centre of the Pacific Northwest.

Look at the following evidences of its growth: **Population in 1880, 720. Population (Census, 1890) 40,165.**

Assessed value of property in 1880 .....	\$517,927	Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1887 .....	\$250,000
Assessed value of property in 1888 .....	\$5,000,000	Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1888 .....	\$506,000
Assessed value of property in 1889 .....	\$20,000,000	Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1889 .....	\$750,000
Real Estate Transfers for 1885 .....	\$667,000	Coal shipped in 1882 .....	(Tons) 56,300
Real Estate Transfers for 1888 .....	\$8,855,598	Coal shipped in 1889 .....	(Tons) 180,940
Real Estate Transfers for 1889 .....	\$15,000,000	Crop of Hops in 1881 .....	(Bales) 6,098
Banks in 1880 .....	1	Crop of Hops in 1889 .....	(Bales) 40,000
Banks Jan. 1st, 1890 .....	10	Lumber exported in 1889 .....	(Feet) 107,326,280
Bank Clearances for 1889 .....	\$25,000,000	Wheat shipped in 1889 .....	(Bushels) 1,457,478
Wholesale business for 1889 .....	\$9,000,000	Private Schools in 1889 .....	4
Value of manufacturing products for 1889 .....	\$6,000,000	Public Schools in 1880 .....	2
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1887 .....	\$1,000,000	Public Schools in 1889 .....	9
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1888 .....	\$2,148,572	Value of Public School Property, 1889 .....	\$264,480
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1889 .....	\$5,821,195	Value of Private School Property, 1889 .....	250,000
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1887 .....	\$90,000	Regular Steamers in 1880 .....	6
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1888 .....	\$263,200	Regular Steamers in 1889 .....	67
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1889, over .....	\$700,000		

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COPPER-MIXED TYPE,  
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It is all nonsense to talk about the progress and enlightenment of the nineteenth century, when we know in our hearts that women—the best of humanity—are as much slaves as they were years ago. The wife doesn't want to vote, or anything of the kind, if the truth were known, but she would like to be emancipated from the slavery of house work. She loves her home, but it grows monotonous when she is held there by its drudgery day after day. She ought to have an outing. Why don't you give your wife a day off? She is entitled to it, more so than you are. Take her to White Bear for a week, or even a day; take her to Chisago or Forest Lake, or to Lake Superior. You can reach any of these via the Saint Paul & Duluth Railroad, which is the popular and best equipped route to and from Minnesota's leading Summer resorts and Duluth, West Superior, Stillwater, St. Paul and Minneapolis. Always take the Duluth Short Line. It is the best. Geo. W. Bull, general passenger agent, or G. C. Gilfillan, assistant general passenger agent, St. Paul, Minn.

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**They Had Met Before.**

"Now, sir," began the attorney for the defense, knitting his brows and preparing to annihilate the witness whom he was about to cross-examine, "You say your name is Williams. Can you prove that to be your real name? I there any body in the court-room who can swear that you haven't assumed it for the purpose of fraud and deceit?"

"I think you can identify me yourself," answered the witness.

"I? Where did I ever see you before, my friend?"

"I put that scar over your right eye twenty-five years ago when you were stealing peaches out of father's orchard. I'm the same Williams."

**Appropriate "Gospel Truth."**

A famous college president, a clergyman, was addressing the students in the chapel at the beginning of the college year. "It is," he said in conclusion, "a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that this year opens with the largest Freshman class in its history." And then, without any pause, he turned to the Scripture lesson for the day, the third psalm, and began reading in a voice of thunder, "Lord, how they are increased that trouble me!"

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Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully,  
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most Comfortable.  
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## BUGGIES

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The soil of Northern Siberia at the close of Summer is found still frozen to a depth of fifty-six inches beneath the surface, and the dead that have been lain in their coffins for 150 years have been taken up unchanged in the least.

Measurements have shown the thickness of the human hair to vary from the two hundred and fiftieth to the six hundredth part of an inch. The silkworm's thread is one five thousandth of an inch thick, and the spider's web only one thirty thousandth. Blonde hair is the finest and red the coarsest. Taking four heads of hair of equal weight, a patient German physiologist found the red one to contain about 90,000 hairs; the black, 103,000; the brown, 109,000, and the blonde, 140,000.

The marketable watermelon product of the State of Georgia is somewhat like 7,800,000 melons per annum. From the sale of this number of melons the farmers are supposed to net each year about \$200,000; the railroads take \$800,000 for freight, and over \$400,000 go to the commission merchants. At this rate the producers of the watery fruit get less than three cents apiece for their melons, while the customer is obliged to pay from twenty to thirty cents each for the privilege of eating one of the big red, white and green vine-globules.

A ranchman (we failed to learn the name) living on the Satsop, missed three head of cattle last week, and noticing a congregation of buzzards a short distance away, proceeded to make an investigation, and found all three of the animals lying dead, their bones all broken, horns knocked off, scarcely any hair left on them and the ground all torn up around them with elk tracks. Apparently a band of elk had come upon and attacked them in an opening and had horned and butted them down and pawed and stamped them to death.—*Elma (Wash.) Chronicle*.

The strawstacks that are yearly burned are apt to fill a nobler mission in the future, according to the following from a scientific magazine—if not the means of driving a hostile fleet from our shores, then by scattering death among the gophers and blackbirds that lay waste the grain fields: "Straw is now about to be employed in making powder. The straw is pulverized, chemically treated and then finished in granular form for use. The new explosive is said to be fifty per cent. stronger than an equal weight of ordinary gunpowder, and much superior in every respect."

Who invented steel pens? Twenty years ago three men lived who might have answered the question. Two of them—John Mitchell and Joseph Gillot—died without imparting their knowledge on the subject. The other, Sir John Mason, left on record that Mr. Samuel Harrison made a steel pen for Dr. Priestly about the year 1780. But it does not appear that Mr. Harrison had anything to do with the manufacture of pens by machinery, and this question is involved in as much obscurity as is the invention of printing, which is variously attributed to the Chinese, the French and Germans.

The ancient copper mines on Lake Superior are stated by Prof. Newberry to have been abandoned not less than 400 years ago, as is proven by the growth of forest trees over the rubbish heaps; and the old mica mines of North Carolina and the serpentine quarries of the Alleghanies show like evidences of antiquity. The oil fields, also, seem to have been worked in pre-Columbia days. Remains of an ancient oil well were found at Titusville, Pa., in 1860, and traces of a similar well were observed at Enniskillen, Canada; while depressions seemingly marking old pits have been noticed at various places. Ruins of an ancient lead mine exist near Lexington, Ky., and galena had been found in the old works in Ohio.



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Lightest, Most Durable,  
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Catalogue free.  
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"The Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas," was spoken in derision but it was unconscious prophecy. From a mere town "just lying around loose" in 1880, it has grown to a city of 47,000 people in 1889; with a taxable valuation of \$20,000,000; with bank clearings of \$100,000,000; with 13,000 miles of tributary railroads; with 2,200 arrivals and clearances of lake vessels, handling 3,000,000 tons of lake freight; with an elevator capacity of 20,000,000 bushels, handling 17,700,000 bushels of wheat, (4,000,000 more than by Chicago); with a lumber, shingle and lath cut in tributary district of 3,100,000 feet; with water power capacity of 65,000 horse-power in tributary territory; with coal receipts of 1,500,000 tons; with iron ore shipments of 800,000 tons; with churches, schools, daily papers; it is the last sea port in the shortest journey from Europe to Asia, and the first water connection with the Atlantic from Asia to Europe.

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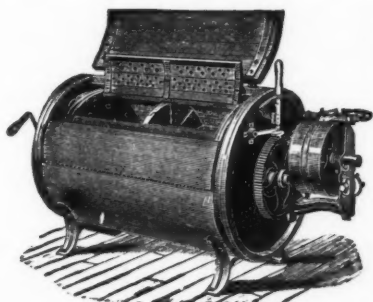
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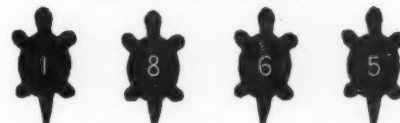
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Population of Seattle in 1880, 3,533; in 1886, 10,400; July 1, 1888, 23,500; July 1, 1889, 35,000; and on Feb. 1, 1890, 43,000. Come and investigate, or send for printed matter to

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The population of Port Townsend 1887 was 1,800; to-day her population is 3,000. Real Estate values are still very reasonable and no city in the United States offers equal opportunity for profitable investment

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Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Ry.

Recognizing the superiority of its harbor, as well as its nearness to the open sea, and its matchless resources in coal, iron, timber and agriculture, the Great Northern Railway has firmly planted its western terminus at Fairhaven.

The Fairhaven & Southern Railroad (which has been rapidly extended east, north and south to transcontinental connections), has been purchased, together with vast terminal, shipping and other railway facilities, by the Great Northern. All these extensions are still being pushed with the characteristic vigor of the latter company. Lines connecting with the Canadian Pacific on the north and with the Northern, Union and Southern Pacific on the south will be completed this season, while the great main transcontinental line will center all the mammoth interests of its 'round-the-world traffic at Fairhaven in the Fall of 1891. Meanwhile,

**FAIRHAVEN is destined to be a great Manufacturing and Commercial center,**  
Because it has:

**The finest Harbor on the Pacific Coast; The greatest area of adjacent Agricultural Land;**

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[No. 1649.]

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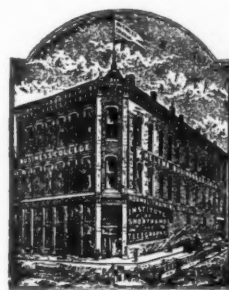
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Personal attention given to all kinds of Assaying, Analyzing and Testing Ores, Food, Water, etc. Samples by mail or express attended to promptly. Write for terms.

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## ARMITAGE & PIATT, Real Estate.

GEO. H. PIATT.

Correspondence solicited in regard to MONTANA and HELENA.

REFERENCES: { First National Bank, Helena.  
Northwest Magazine, St. Paul.  
F. A. Wilcox, 69 Wall St., New York.

Office: Main St., opposite 1st National Bank, HELENA. MONT.

### WHAT HORACE GREELEY SAID.

"When I was a young man," said Lawyer Park, of Aurora, I was a political speaker. My father was living in Waukegan during the presidential campaign in which General Grant was the nominee of the Republican party and Horace Greeley the nominee of "Liberal Republicans," indorsed by the Democrats. I was on a campaign tour in Wisconsin. I had an audience, on the occasion to which I now call your attention, that was with me in my sentiments. When I had reached the warming-point of my speech I said that every eminent man who had lived or who was living had uttered some words that would live forever. In proof I quoted from Caesar's Veni, vidi, vici down to Grant's 'I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer.' Having arrayed these say-

ings of great men, I stood on tip-toe and asked with oratorical anguish:

"What did Greeley ever say?"

There was a hush on the heels on the inquiry that lasted until it was painful to me. As I was about to proceed, a little man with a head of fiery hair arose in a back seat in the building and answered in a shrill voice:

"Go West, you damned fool."

"The audience howled and yelled and fairly rolled from their seats. I didn't finish my speech. The red-haired man who had unwittingly punctured my oratory had broken up the meeting."

Mr. Haggin is reported to have won \$100,000 on his horse Salvator in the Brooklyn handicap and the Eastern papers are going wild over the big haul. But

to Mr. Haggin \$100,000 is a mere bagatelle. He clears more than that every week from his Butte mines, as we can easily show. The Anaconda production this year will not be less and may be a great deal more, than 45,000 tons. If the average price for the year should be fourteen cents, or \$280 per ton the total would amount to \$9,840,000. Admitting that fifty per cent. goes for expenses, (which it does not) there would be left \$4,920,000, which with the silver product would easily increase to \$6,000,000. If Mr. Haggin owns four-fifths of the mines and plant, his profit for the year would be \$4,800,000 or \$400,000 per month, which is an amount equal to his Brooklyn winnings every week. This is why, when Salvator passed under the wire in front, he calmly lit a cigar and asked a friend what he thought of Senator Stanford's scheme to loan government money to the farmers.—Butte Inter-Mountain.



**DAYTON, WASHINGTON.****To Investors and Home Seekers:**

The progressive city of Dayton is situated at the head of the fertile Walla Walla Valley at the confluence of the Touchet and Patit rivers with a population of Three Thousand, two Railroads, a splendid Water Power, two Flouring Mills, two Chop Mills, two Planing Mills, two Shingle Mills, two Furniture Factories, a Foundry, a Machine Shop and a Brewery, fine School Houses, nine Churches, a spacious Court House which cost \$60,000, Water Works which cost \$25,000, an Electric Light Plant which cost \$25,000, a Hotel recently erected at a cost of \$40,000, a complete Sewerage System, and the most delicious climate in Washington.

I have a large list of City Property and some of the most desirable Farm Property in Washington, ranging in size from 40 to 1,200 acres with prices from \$5 to \$30 per acre. Information furnished. Correspondence solicited.

**GEO. B. BAKER, Real Estate and Loans, Dayton, Wash.**

MAX BAUMEISTER.

**BAUMEISTER & REYNOLDS,**

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**Real Estate Brokers,**

**Walla Walla, Washington.**

Choice Business and Residence Property, improved and unimproved. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. References: First National Bank of Walla Walla and Baker & Boyer National Bank.

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"THE HUB OF WESTERN WASHINGTON," destined to be a great MANUFACTURING, RAILROAD and COMMERCIAL CENTRE, located on a lovely townsite in the midst of EXTENSIVE FORESTS, GREAT COAL BEDS, VAST AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES and IMMENSE MINERAL DEPOSITS.

We have recently put on the market a beautiful tract of land known as NORTHERN PACIFIC ADDITION. This property, owing to its pretty location and close proximity to the business centre, is the most desirable in Centralia. Parties investing in this property will treble their money within six months. Information furnished. Correspondence solicited.

**ROBINSON & CO., Real Estate and Loans, Centralia, Wash.**

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**Choice City Property, Fruit  
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Refer to First National Bank of Olympia.

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THE ONLY  
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**10,000 Acres Hop Farms and**  
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*Palatial Steamers,*

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**The greatest R. R. center of Western Washington.**

The Great Northern in operation from Fairhaven to Sedro.

The Oregon Improvement Co. in operation from Anacortes to Sedro.

The Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern have extensive depot grounds 2,000 feet long by 400 feet wide at Sedro.

Coal Mines in operation within 5 miles, Iron within 10 miles.

Agricultural Land and Timber adjacent.

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**LARGEST CITY IN EASTERN WASHINGTON.** Largest and best water-power on the Pacific Coast. Important railroad center. Railroads radiate in six directions. Extensive agricultural regions and rich mining districts are tributary to the city. Population 20,000. Two colleges, cable, electric motor and horse railroads. Numerous manufacturing concerns. Wholesale houses, gas and electric light plants and water works. Five National banks and two private banks.

**THE TRADERS NATIONAL BANK OF SPOKANE FALLS,**  
Washington. Paid up capital, \$200,000.  
E. J. BRICKELL, Pres't. D. M. DRUMHELLER, Vice Pres't.  
M. M. COWLEY, Cashier. H. L. RICHARDSON, Ass't Cash'r.  
Correspondents: New York, Importers and Traders National Bank; Portland, Or., First National Bank; St. Paul, Minn.; National German-American Bank; London, The Alliance Bank, Limited; Berlin, Dresden Bank.  
Deal in Foreign and Domestic Exchange at Market Rates. Collections receive prompt attention.

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**BANK OF SPOKANE FALLS,**  
Spokane Falls, Washington.  
Paid up Capital, \$150,000. Surplus, \$110,000.  
OLDEST BANK IN EASTERN WASHINGTON.

United States Depository.  
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**The Browne National Bank,**  
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Capital Stock, \$100,000.  
A General Banking Business Transacted.

**CENTRAL ADDITION**  
**To Spokane Falls, Washington,**  
Is centrally located and offers unequalled opportunities to parties desiring business or residence property. The Union Depot Company's grounds are located in this addition. Rapid development inevitable. For full information apply to office of J. J. BROWNE, Browne Block.

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Will purchase Town Lots, Stock Ranches, Farm Lands or Negotiable Paper for Non-residents.  
Ten years experience in the business.  
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Eight per cent. guaranteed First Mortgages on choice Farms in the fertile Palouse and Big Bend Countries, and on improved City Property in Spokane Falls. TRIPLE SECURITY. Will send Mortgage accompanied by Coupon Bond, Borrower's Application, giving description of property, Abstract of Title, and Insurance Policy to any bank in the United States with privilege to examine and return if not satisfactory. Reference: Spokane National Bank, Traders National Bank, Exchange National Bank, Spokane Falls. Correspondence solicited.

## ABOUT THE OKANOGAN COUNTRY.

A Tacoma *Globe* reporter visited State Geologist Bethune shortly after his arrival home from an extensive tour in the Okanogan country. He found the enthusiastic mineralogist in his fine laboratory on the top floor of the Washington building on Pacific Avenue. Bethune is ever ready to embark in any proposition looking to the advertisement of Washington's wealth of mineral resources to the world; and when the reporter asked him to relate his experiences, the sights, scenes, incidents and results of his official tour through the Okanogan country, the gentleman at once cordially consented to begin the task, and taking a seat beside the *Globe* man at his writing table, he spoke as follows:

"Of all the territory I have inspected in Washington, Okanogan has filled me with most confidence as regards its future. I do not mean its future as a mineral producing section alone, but as a section gifted with all those essential requisites which when bequeathed a country by nature and developed and made productive by man, make that country great. Okanogan is eminently endowed with these requisites.

The country is without doubt a veritable paradise for the stock grower. As a cattle producer it has no equal in the Pacific Northwest. Its herds are the finest and hold always the highest market value. Although practically undeveloped its agricultural resources are multifarious. The finest of all the cereals can be grown with the least cultivation in Okanogan, and as a producer of fine fruits it stands second to no other section north of California. But it will be as a mineral producer that Okanogan will come most prominently to the front. Give it communication with the outside world by rail and I prophecy that Okanogan country in five years' time will rival any mineral producing section in the country in point of the proportion and aggregate value of its annual output. As diversified as rich are its mineral deposits. For years gold, silver, copper, iron and other valuable metals have been known to be existant there in large quantities; but the country being practically inaccessible for the purpose of developing these resources, by reason of its utter isolation from the outside world, these remain practically undeveloped and will so remain until railways penetrate its interior, thereby affording the necessary prompt communication with

points of importance which will ultimately become bases of supplies to the country and marts wherein will be handled its merchantable resources.

"I had twice before visited Okanogan but each time simply on a jaunt, a sort of prospecting tour across it. This last time, however, I had prepared myself for a tour of close inspection of its mines, prospects and mineral formations. I conceived the idea of making the trip with Lieutenant Governor Laughton, who accompanied me. He is a practical miner and the most enthusiastic man, aside from myself, over the prospects of this State's mineral resources I have ever met. We projected a visit and inspection of every district in Okanogan country and we carried our itinerary out to the letter."

Barley is our only grain of which the home product is not equal to the demand. The deficiency is chiefly supplied by importations from Canada. The State of Washington could alone raise all the barley consumed in the country.

The people of this country consume, it is said, 200,000,000 bottles of pickles annually.



# HAMILTON,

ON THE

## Skagit River,

STATE OF

### WASHINGTON.

Hamilton is the coming Iron Manufacturing Center of Washington.

There are six large seams of Coal that can be cheaply mined at Hamilton.

Coking Coal in inexhaustible quantities, at Hamilton.

Blacksmith Coal that is equal to that of the Cumberland, Maryland, field, at Hamilton.

Gas Yielding Coal that is equal to any in the World, at Hamilton.

The coal mines are open and can be inspected by visitors.

At Hamilton a mountain of Iron Ore stands within half a mile of the best Coking Coal on the Pacific Coast.

Blast furnaces to be erected in the near future.

Negotiations for erecting Coke Ovens underway.

Limestone, for fluxing purposes, close to Hamilton.

Hamilton will be a great Iron Manufacturing City.

Valuable Argentiferous-Gelena Leads have been discovered within six miles of Hamilton.

The most productive Silver and Lead mining camps in America will be on the headwaters of the Skagit River.

Contact veins of Carbonate of Silver, Leads of Argentiferous-Gelena and veins of Wire Silver, all in place, have been discovered on the Skagit's headwaters.

As Denver stands commercially to the mining camps of Colorado, so does Hamilton stand toward the Skagit River mining region. All the Skagit River highland mining region is directly tributary to Hamilton.

The Silver Bearing Ores of this new mining region, which is the best that has been discovered on the continent, will be smelted at Hamilton where cheap coke can be bought.

One hundred square miles of valuable timber land is tributary to Hamilton.

The Skagit Valley is the most productive agricultural land in Washington.

The cars of the Seattle & Northern Railroad will run into Hamilton by September 15. This company is to build car shops and a round-house at Hamilton.

The Seattle & Northern Railroad Company owns one-tenth of the stock of the Hamilton Townsite Company.

The Great Northern's transcontinental line, as surveyed, passes through Hamilton.

The Northern Pacific, the Great Northern's remorseless competitor, will build a railroad from Anacortes to the silver mining camps on the Skagit's headwaters.

The Hamilton Townsite Company offer lots in their **First, Second and Third Additions** at prices ranging from \$275 to \$375, reserving the right to advance the price without notice.

Address, **HAMILTON TOWNSITE CO.,**  
HAMILTON, WASH.

### WASHINGTON

is now the objective point on the Pacific Coast for those who desire a mild climate, with all the advantages and opportunities to be found in a new State.

### SPOKANE FALLS

Is the metropolis of Eastern Washington. It has grown from a town of 3,500 inhabitants in 1885 to a city of 25,000 people in 1890. It is the commercial center of a vast mineral, agricultural and lumbering country, and it is fast becoming a great railroad center. Seven railroads now radiate from this city in all directions. Two of these are transcontinental lines. It has an immense water-power, estimated to be 125,000 horse power, which is easily utilized, and this alone is making it a great milling and manufacturing city.

### MINNEAPOLIS

was made the largest milling center in the world by her water-power and here is a waterfall five times greater which can be used the year round, for the Spokane River never freezes. There is no more promising city in the United States to-day than this young, prosperous place. Investments in real estate here are now paying, and will continue to pay 100 per cent. profit annually, for at least two years to come. My long residence in the city of

### ST. PAUL

has enabled me to gain information regarding the prospective growth of different localities, as to where the most profitable investments can be made, having noted the increase in values in that city since 1860. I have a large list of business, residence and acre property and will furnish maps and printed information regarding this city to all who may be interested. Investors can net eight per cent. on first class loans placed on brick and stone business blocks in this city. Correspondence solicited.

C. STUART WILSON,

Room 21, Heath's Block,

SPOKANE FALLS, WASH.

## The City of MONARCH, MONTANA,

is situated 150 miles east of Helena and 55 miles south of Great Falls, terminus of the Monarch & Great Falls R. R.,

running regular passenger and freight trains from Great Falls to Monarch. The city of Monarch is the center of the largest mining district in North America. Within a radius of fifteen miles there are 5,000 mining claims, and it is at Monarch where all the ore from these mines is hauled and loaded on the cars. The total value of these mines are many millions of dollars.

Large Reduction Works will be erected at Monarch late in the Fall, and it is destined to be the greatest distributing and reduction point in Montana.

Lots in the city of Monarch have just been placed on the market and early investors will reap the reward of the largest profits, as the future of Monarch is assured and property will enhance in value quicker and greater than in any other city West.

For maps, plats and full particulars address

**MONARCH TOWNSITE CO.,**  
Monarch, Montana.

## THE GRAY'S HARBOR CO.,

OWNING

The Town-site and Water-front  
OF  
The New Commercial City  
OF  
Gray's Harbor, Washington,

NOW OFFERS FOR SALE

Building Lots,  
Sites for Saw-mills  
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And Water-front Privileges in this  
Rapidly Growing Place.

Gray's Harbor is the best natural harbor on the Pacific Coast between Puget Sound and the Bay of San Francisco. There is twenty-six feet of water on the bar at high tide. The entrance is so direct and open that vessels can sail in without a tug or a pilot. With a comparatively small expenditure on the part of the Government a depth of thirty feet can be obtained. An important ocean commerce in lumber now goes out of the Harbor. The new town is situated on the deep water of the Harbor, where there is a broad channel out to the entrance unobstructed by inner bars. It occupies the only natural site for a large commercial town on the entire expanse of the Harbor. A railroad will be built this season to Centralia on the Northern Pacific's main line. The saving in distance for coal and lumber bound to California ports and on wheat bound to European ports will be about 700 miles in favor of cargoes shipped from Gray's Harbor over cargoes shipped from Puget Sound.

Attention is called to map, illustrations and articles on the Gray's Harbor Country in this publication. For further information address

The Gray's Harbor Company,  
Gray's Harbor, Washington.

## TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

**WESTERN TERMINUS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.** Situated near the head of Puget Sound, on the tide-water of the Pacific Ocean. Ships more lumber and coal than any other port on the Pacific Coast, and more wheat than any other port except San Francisco. Direct importations of tea and other Asiatic commodities. Population, 40,000. Numerous important manufacturing industries. Large jobbing houses. Steam and electric motor street railways. Three colleges. Waterworks, gas and electric light.

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**MANNING, BOGLE & HAYS,**  
Real Estate and Loans,  
**TACOMA, WASHINGTON.**

**City, Suburban and Acre Property.** Having had large experience, and keeping thoroughly posted in relative values of property in and around the city of Tacoma, gives us advantages not enjoyed by many others, in placing money for safe investments. Free carriage to show the city to visitors and investors. References: National Bank of Commerce; Traders Bank of Tacoma.

MANNING, BOGLE &amp; HAYS.

**ORTING,**  
Queen of the Puyallup Valley,

On the N. P. R. R. Cascade Division, 18 miles from Tacoma.

A Railroad Center. A Hop and Farming Center. A Timber, Mineral and Business Center. Good Schools, Manufactories, Water Works and graded streets. For particulars, maps, etc. write

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(Oldest Bank in Tacoma.)

Bank Building Cor. Pacific Ave. and Eleventh St.

Paid up Capital, \$250,000. Surplus over Dividends, \$50,000

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Asst. Cashier, R. J. DAVIS.

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Deposits (large and small) of individuals, firms, or banks receive careful attention. Correspondence in regard to Tacoma invited. Interest on time deposits.

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Transacts a General Banking Business.

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### Tacoma National Bank,

TACOMA, WASH.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000. Surplus, \$100,000.

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Cashier, W. FRASER. Asst. Cashier, H. O. FISHBACK.

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Special attention paid to collections.

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We have for sale elegant Improved and Unimproved City and Addition Properties, Farm, Hop, Garden, Fruit and Timber Lands, Water Fronts, Coal, Iron, Gold, Silver and Copper Mines. Properties ranging on our lists from \$100 00 to \$250,000.

Call upon or address **E. F. RUSSELL & CO.,**  
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[3417.]

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Surplus, - - - - 60,000

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Fifth Addition to Tacoma,

Situating on the line of street railway between Puyallup and Tacoma.

Price \$100 per Lot.

\$10 Cash, balance in Monthly Payments of \$10.

Ten per cent. discount for cash. A large list of inside property always on hand.

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EDEN PIERCE, Pres. E. S. CALLENDAR, Sec.  
Capital, \$100,000.

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Invest in Real Estate for Non-residents in sums of \$100 and upwards, with a special guarantee as to profits if so desired. First Mortgage Loans at 8, 9, 10 per cent. in gold. Correspondence solicited.

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GUARANTEED MORTGAGE BONDS.

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To Capitalists: TACOMA, ORTING, LAKE VIEW ACREAGE.

Why loan money at 6 per cent. when you can buy 5, 10, or 20 acre tracts in ORTING, TACOMA or LAKE VIEW on which you can triple your money annually and take no chances. I am no agent. Where I put my money, you can put yours. References: Henry Hewitt, Jr.; Hon. Frank Allen, Judge; Merchants National Bank, Tacoma.

## GEORGE W. TRAVER,

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Choice Inside Business and Residence Property. Water Front Property, Farms, etc.

Send for New Map of Tacoma.

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Fairhaven is destined to become a great manufacturing and commercial center. All information personally or by mail, free at the office of

**THE FAIRHAVEN LAND CO., Fairhaven, Washington.**

There are 150,000,000,000 feet of uncut lumber in the basin tributary to Gray's Harbor, says the *West Coast Trade*—an incredible amount, but nearly correct. It will take a great many years for mills of a hundred times the capacity of those at present on Gray's Harbor to exhaust the enormous supply.



**"DOWN WITH HIGH PRICES."**

A \$85 Sewing Machine.....	\$18.00
A 500-lb. Platform Scales.....	10.00
A \$125 Top Buggy.....	68.00
A 2-Ton Wagon Scales.....	40.00
A \$40 Road Cart.....	15.00
A \$15 Buggy Harness.....	7.50
A 240 lb. Scoop and Platform Scales.....	3.00
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1,000 other articles in same proportion. Catalogue free.

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**I WILL** gladly send to any one **FREE**, who may apply, a recipe that will positively cure Liquor Drinking or Drunkenness. Perfectly harmless. Can be given secretly if desired. Address M. A. NILES, Box 1929, Boston, Mass.

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**\$45 SEWING MACHINE FOR \$1.**

Singer Improved High Arm, 4 Drawers, Extension Drop Leaf, Full Set Attachments. Warranted by the manufacturers for five years. Limited Offer. Only 1,500 of them at \$1 each. You pay the dollar after you receive the machine. Send name and address to AM. PUB. CO., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

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Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Belt Truss, combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating continuous Electric & Magnetic current. Scientific. Powerful. Durable. Comfortable and Effective. Avoid frauds. Over 9,000 cured. Send stamp for pamphlet. ALSO ELECTRIC BELTS FOR DISEASES. Dr. HORNE, 180 WABASH AV., CHICAGO.

**FOR LADIES ONLY** I will send any Lady a Valuable Secret that cost me \$5. & a Rubber Shield for 30c. Mrs. J. A. KINSMAN & CO., 192 W. Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

**Cancer** & TUMORS cured. No knife. Private hospital, book free. 20 yrs. Buffalo, N. Y. L. D. McMichael, M.D., removed to 189 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

**DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT.**

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**CURRENT ANECDOTES.****REGULATING THE WEATHER.**

Mrs. Jobs—"What on earth is that?"  
Mr. Jobs—"This, my dear is a barometer—a present from our son at college."  
"Oh, I've heard of them. Which way do you screw it when you want the weather to be fine?"

**HAD FULLY SAVED HIM.**

First Female Evangelist—"Do you think you have fully saved Mr. Tipple?"  
Second Female Evangelist—"Yes, indeed. I have prayed with him and sang for him and read to him until he has become so converted that he is going to get a divorce from his wife and marry me."

**SAVING THE HEATHEN.**

Stranger (in Brooklyn)—"Where are all those gentlemen going?"  
Resident—"They are going to bid farewell to a popular missionary to China who has been very successful in teaching the heathen the gospel of love and peace."  
"I see. And where is this gang of boys going?"  
"They are going to stone a Chinese funeral."

**REAL DEFINITION OF A COTTAGE.**

Mr. Noah Webster in his delightful work on language, page 300, defines the word cottage in this wise:  
"Cottage: A small habitation; a cot; a hut."  
The modern definition of the word reads something like this:  
"Cottage: A large building of red brick, or stone, or wood, called Queen Anne, because it is not like anything Queen Anne ever saw, but much prettier, costing between \$25,000 and \$100,000."

**A LONE HAND CONVERSATIONALIST.**

There is a real estate man on F street who is a persistent and voluminous talker, though a good fellow withal, and the other day he came into a friend's office in the same business and began. He kept it up for half an hour and then in a brief moment of rest the friend looked at him admiringly and exclaimed:  
"By jove, old fellow, if I could only subdivide your mouth and put it on the market!"

**A CAREFUL ALDERMAN.**

America: Alderman Finnegan—"Jamesy, me bye, run over to the crockery store an' git two o' them little things to kape spices in; we want them for the bar."  
Jamesy—"Yes, sor."  
Alderman Finnegan—"An', Jamesy, see that there is an 'S' marked on ache of them."  
Jamesy—"Yes, sor; but phat for, sor?"  
Alderman Finnegan—"Bekase, wan of them is for salt an' wan ov them is for cinnamon. Run along, now, like a foine bye."

**AN HONEST CONFESSION.**

A middle-aged man was walking down Third Avenue, met a policeman and said:  
"Officer, look at me; take a dum good look, too."  
"Well," replied the officer, thinking he had struck something with a dent in its head, "I'm looking."  
"All right; now do I look like a regular all-wool jay?"  
"No, I don't think you do."  
"But I am one, the jayest of the jays; let me tell you something, then I know you will say I am one. T'other day I read in the paper that a young widder wished to meet a respectable farmer, object matrimony; I answered the advertisement, got a reply which told me to come to town in the mornin' and she'd meet me at the station. I came in, she met me and proposed going to some restaurant and have a talk, so we went, made arrangements to get married to-morrow. She demanded \$25 as a guarantee that I'd stick to the bargain, me ter git back the money if I kept faith."  
"I see through it all—it's a scheme, and I guess you are a big jay," said the officer. "You came in this morning, but didn't see her, did you?"  
"That's it, I'm a jay. I'm out just \$25, putty nigh the price of a good cow. I'll go home and stay there. I'm a jay, I'm a jay, I'm a-I'm—Good-by."

**A Chance to Make Money.**

Having read Mr. Moorhead's experience plating with gold, silver, and nickel, I sent for a plater and have more work than I can do. It is surprising the spoons, castors and jewelry the people want plated. The first week I cleared \$37.10, and in three weeks \$119.85, and my wife has made about as I have. By addressing W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, you can get circulars. A Plater only costs \$3.00. You can learn to use it in an hour. Can plate large or small articles, and can make money anywhere.

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G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, have published in one of the quaint and pretty little volumes of their "Knickerbocker Nuggets" series Benjamin Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanacs*, omitting the calendars and weather prediction. The first issue of these famous almanacs was in 1733, and the last in 1758. They were dingy little pamphlets and very small affairs, so far as bulk was concerned, to have made such a stir in the colonies, selling probably more copies than anything else that came from the press in their time. The entire reading matter, apart from the tables, of the whole twenty-six annual issues goes into 264 pages of this reprint. The shrewd humor of the prefaces and the pithy worldly-wisdom of the proverbs and short month poems delighted the struggling, practical, common-sense colonists. Many of the proverbs are still in use among the descendants of the people for whom *Poor Richard* wrote. Here are a few of excellent flavor that are not now so well known.

If you ride a horse sit close and tight,  
If you ride a man sit easy and light.

When there's a marriage without love there will be love without marriage.

He that is rich need not live sparingly, and he that can live sparingly need not be rich.

Onions can make even heirs and widows weep.

Drive thy business or thy business will drive thee.

Nothing but money is sweeter than honey.

Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead.

An old young man will be a young old man.

I saw few die of hunger, of eating—100,000.

Love, cough and a smoke can't well be hid.

There are no ugly loves nor handsome prisons.

Write with the learned, pronounce with the vulgar.

He that would have a short Lent, let him borrow money to be paid at Easter.

Never entreat a servant to dwell with thee.

Cut the wings of your hens and hopes, lest they lead you a weary dance after them.

Take heed of the vinegar of sweet wine and the anger of good nature.

Love your neighbor, yet don't pull down your hedge.

Lying rides upon debt's back.

In the affairs of this world men are saved not by faith but by the want of it.

Daily not with other folks' women or money.

The second vice is lying; the first is running in debt.

Life with fools consists in drinking; with the wise man living's thinking.

The history of the *Poor Richard* almanacs is given in an introduction by Paul L. Ford. For sale by St. Paul Book & Stationery Co.; price \$1.

**MINERS' SONG.**

In the earth and underground,  
Full half a mile below,  
Where the days may never come,  
Where the nights may never go,  
Where the smoky gnomes are found,  
Just a level mile below  
We are moleing through the ground.

We are marching underground  
Full a hundred thousand strong,  
You may hear our armor sound,  
You may hear our battle song,  
There is clash of pick and tine,  
There is movement in the mine—  
We are marching underground.

We are fighting underground,  
Now a thud, a smell of powder—  
Louder now, and louder, louder—  
Till the deeps be deaf with sound  
We are battling with the gnomes.  
We have gripped them in their homes,  
We are bleeding underground.

We shall conquer underground,  
We shall pillage castle, palace,  
We shall plunder plate and chalice  
Where the busy gnomes abound;  
We shall rise with shouts of joy,  
We shall come like Greeks from Troy,  
From the battle underground.

JOAQUIN MILLER.



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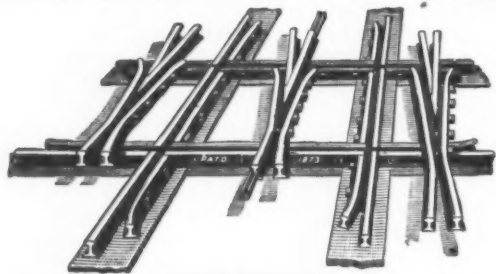
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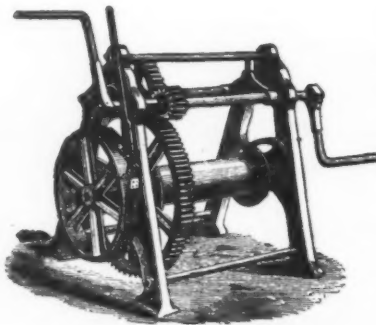
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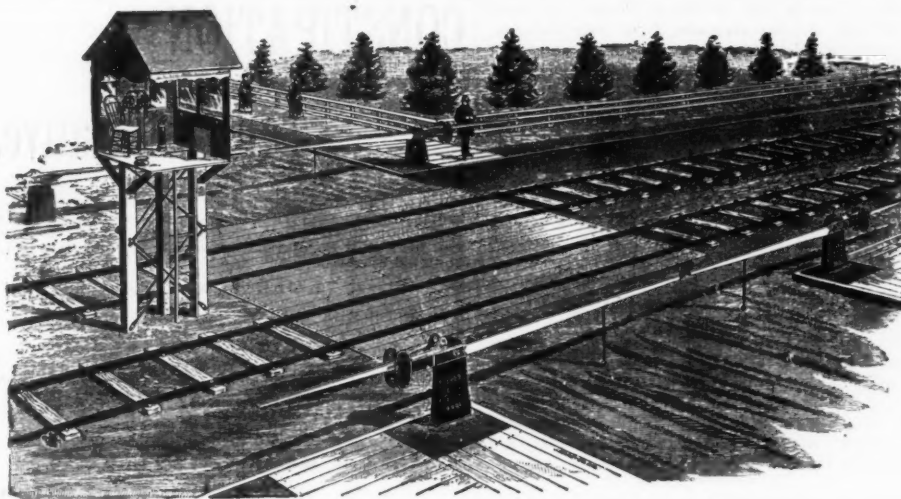
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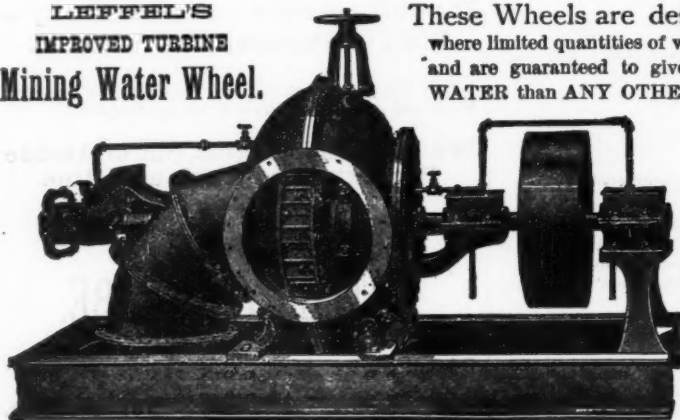
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## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Come to think of it how can you expect the poor to be contented when the rich never are.

"She—"I wonder what makes it rain?" He: "I suppose the pours of the sky are opened."

Papa," said a talkative little girl, "am I made of dust?" "No, my child; if you were you would dry up once in a while."

Barber (executing an artistic swipe down his customer's cheek): "Does it pull?" Customer (with his teeth firmly set): "No—it don't pull—it excavates."

TRIALS OF GREATNESS.—Mr. Greatman: "Good morning, sir. What can I do for you, sir?"

Reporter (with Edison phonograph and camera): "I have come to phonographically and photographically interview you for the *Daily Hustler*. Now, grin and chin."



The white-headed boy discovers the Red-raspberries—

this neighborhood as you can find in Texas. You have struck the right locality, stranger, if you want to farm. I'll take you out this afternoon in my buggy, and show you one I've got to sell."

Fogg—"I don't believe in the beneficial results of ocean bathing. I had a friend who was seriously injured by salt water once." Fenderly: "How did it affect him?" Fogg: "It drowned him."

Romulus (to Remus, who is eating)—"Say, bre'r Remus, why doan you eat yo' meat and taters fust and yo' pie last?"

Remus (who is beginning on pie)—"Dat doan' make no diff'ence to me. I ain't got no parlor in my stummick."

THE CLOVE CURE.—She was talking confidently to her bosom friend. "Now that we are married," she said, "John has stopped drinking entirely. I have not detected the odor of liquor about him since our wedding day." "Was it difficult for him to stop?" inquired the bosom friend. "Oh, no, not at all, he just eat cloves. He says that is a certain cure."

Attorney (defending prisoner charged with swindling): "Your Honor, one of the witnesses alleges that my client rung a cold deck on him. A cold deck, your Honor, it may be necessary to explain, is a—" Judge of the Montana Court (severely): "The assumption that the Court doesn't know what a cold deck is, Mr. Sharp, is an impertinence that will subject you to a fine for contempt if persisted in. Proceed with your argument."



The Worm in the last Raspberry discovers the Boy and inquires:—Where are all my brethren and sistren who inhabited these Raspberries with me?



The Boy's Mother discovers the Combination.

"Did you say your son was one of the directors in a newspaper corporation?" "Yes; he directs all the wrappers for the city subscribers."

"Professor, what's the difference, anyhow, between a fiddle an' a violin?" "Ze same deerferenz zat eggzeest between ze veedler an' ze violinist."

"James," exclaimed the wrathful wife, "I have just discharged that impudent cook. She goes at once!" "Happy girl!" sighed Mr. Rupeck, dreadingly.

CASH CURRENT—"Dear," said a physician's wife, as they sat in church, "there is Mrs. Goldberg sitting in a draft." "Never mind," said her husband, "I will cash that draft later on."

A New York druggist, who spent the winter in a Texas town for his health, was asked by a genial clerk of the hotel: "Stranger, what might your business be?" "I am a pharmacist." "A what did you say?" "A pharmacist." "O, yes, a pharmacist. Well you can buy as good land in

shies before ladies, and then in such a way only as to give the impression that he is dangerous without actually being so." "I'll take him," said Chappie.

Kajones—"To-day is my thirtieth wedding anniversary."

Kersmith—"Wife still living?"

"Yes."

"Lived with you all that time?"

"Certainly."

Admiringly: "What nerve that woman must have!"

Einstein—"Didt you hear about Cohen? Ven Repecca Sonnesheim wouldn't marry him he vendt andt took a kvarter's vort of morphine. Vat fools some men are!" Minzberger—"Vaan't he, though! Ten cents' vort would haf done der pizness chust so vell."

"Will you marry me?"

"Ask papa."

"No, Gertrude, I'm willing to run the risk of marrying you, but I wouldn't tackle the old man for \$5,000,000."

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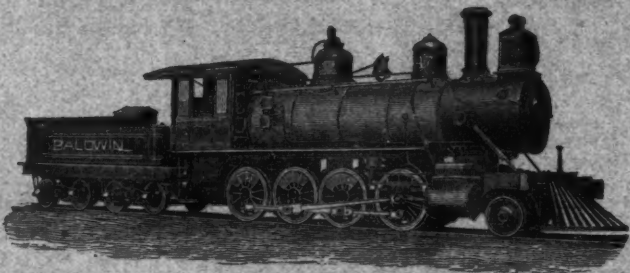
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